THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729 this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until 1765 when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10, 1898

Volume 171 Number 24

5 cents a copy $2.50 a Year

1821 and the office of publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year 1897 it became the property of the present publishers, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Copyright, 1898, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 420 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE BRAIN OF THE BATTLE-SHIP

When Finnegan Made History

By MORGAN ROBERTSON *Drawings by* HARRY C. EDWARDS

HER name was the Argyll. She was a first-class, sea-going battleship of ten thousand tons displacement, propelled by twin screws, which received ten thousand horse-power from two engines placed down below the water-line.

Three long tubes, one fixed in the stem, two movable in the superstructure, could launch Whitehead torpedoes,—mechanical fish carrying two hundred and twenty pounds of gun-cotton in their heads,—which sought in the water a twenty-foot depth, and hurried where pointed at a thirty-knot rate. Their impact below the water-line was deadly, and only equaled in effect by the work of the ram bow,—the blow of the ship as a whole,—the last, glorious, suicidal charge on an enemy that had dismounted the guns, if such could happen.

Besides her thirteen, eight and six-inch guns, she carried a secondary battery of twenty six-pounders, four one-pounders and four Gatling guns distributed about the superstructure and fighting-tops. The peculiar efficacy of this battery lay in its menace to threatening torpedo boats and to opposing gunners, range-finders and big gun-sights.

A torpedo boat, receiving the full attention of her quick-fire battery, could be disintegrated and sunk in a yeasty froth raised by the rain of projectiles long before she could come within range of torpedo action, while a simultaneous discharge of all guns would distribute over seven thousand tons of metal with foot-tons of energy sufficient to lift the ship herself high up out of water.

•

Bristling, glistening and massive, a reservoir of death potential, a centre of radiant destruction,—a spitting, chattering, thundering epitome of racial hatred,—she bore within her steel walls the ever-growing burden of progressive human thought. She was a maker of history, a changer of boundaries, a friend of young governments; and it chanced that, on a fine, semi-tropical morning, in company with an armored cruiser, four protected cruisers, and a fleet of torpedo boats and destroyers, she went into action.

In a circular apartment in the military mast, protected by twelve inches of steel perforated by slits for observation, stood the Captain and navigating officer, both in shirt sleeves; for this, the conning-tower, was hot. Around the inner walls were the nerve terminals of the structure—the indicators, telegraph dials, telephones, push buttons and speaking-tubes which communicated with gun positions, steering-room, engine-rooms, and all parts of the ship where men were stationed.

In the forward part was a binnacle with small steering-wheel—disconnected now, for the steering was done by men below the water-line in the stern. A spiral staircase led to the main deck below, and another to the lower fighting-top above, in which staircase were small platforms, where a signal officer and two quartermasters watched through slits the signals from the flagship, and answered as directed, by the Captain below, with small flags, which they mast-headed through a hollow within the staircase.

The chief master-at-arms, bare-headed, climbed into the conning-tower.

"Captain Blake, what'll we do with Finnegan?" he said as he saluted. "I've released him, as you ordered, but Mr. Clarkson won't have him in the turret, where he belongs, and no one else wants him. They even chased him out o' the bunkers. He wants to work and fight, but Mr. Clarkson won't place him,—says he washes his hands of Finnegan,—and sent me to you."

Captain Blake, stern of face and kindly of eye, drew back from a peep-hole and asked, "What's his condition?"

"Shaky, sir. Him and the recording angel knows how he gets it, sir, but I don't. I've watched him for six months."

"Send him to me."

"Very good, sir."

The master-at-arms descended, and a few moments later the unwanted Finnegan appeared—a gray-bearded, much emaciated, bleary-eyed seaman, who stammered as he removed his cap: "Report for duty, sir."

"For duty?" answered the Captain, eyeing him sternly. "For death. You will be allowed the honorable death of an English seaman. You will die in the fighting-top some time in the next three hours."

The man shivered, elevated one shoulder and brushed his ear with it, but said nothing.

"I have tried for years," continued the Captain, "to reform you and hold you to the manhood I once knew in you; but I give you up. You are not fit to live, and will never be fitter to die than this morning—when the chance comes to you to die fighting for your country. I want you to die fighting. Do you wish to see the Surgeon, or the Chaplain?"

"No, no, no, Cappen—one's as bad as t'other. The Chaplain'll pray, an' the Doctor'll fill me up wi' bromide, an' it just makes me crazy, sir. I'm all right, Cappen. Just gi' me a drink,—the Doctor won't,—an' send me down to my station, sir."

•

Captain Blake's stern face softened, and his mind went back to his midshipman days—to a stormy night and a heavy sea, an icy foot-rope, a fall, a plunge, and a cold, hopeless swim toward a shadowy ship, hove-to against the dark background, until this man's face,—young, strong and cheery then,—appeared behind a white life-buoy, and he heard again the panting voice of his rescuer, "Here ye are, Mr. Blake; boat's comin'."

He whistled down the speaking-tube, and, when it was answered, called, "Send an opened bottle of whisky into the conning-tower. No glasses."

"Thank ye, sir."

The Captain resumed his position at the peep-hole, and Finnegan busied himself with his troubles until a Japanese servant appeared with a quart bottle. The Captain received it, and the Jap withdrew.

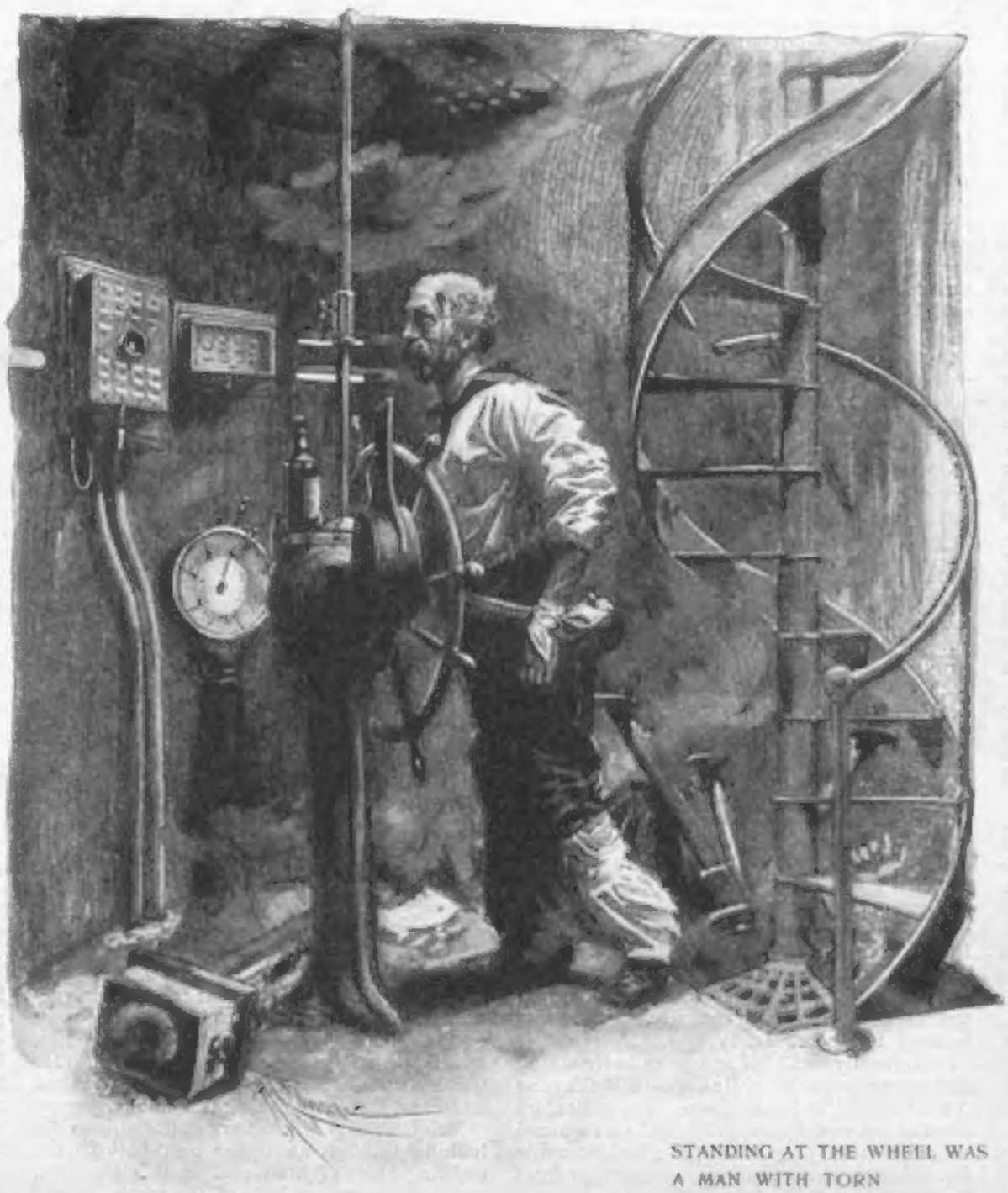
•

"Help yourself, Finnegan," said the Captain, extending the bottle. "Take a good drink—a last one."

Finnegan took the equivalent of three.

"Now, up with you," he said, as he stood the bottle under the binnacle. "Upper top. Report to Mr. Bates."

"Cappen, send me down to the turret, where I b'long, sir. I'm all right now. I don't want to go up there wi' the sojers. I'm not good at machine guns."



STANDING AT THE WHEEL WAS A MAN WITH TORN CLOTHING AND BLOODY FACE

"No arguments. Up with you at once. You are good for nothing but to work a lever under the eye of an officer."

Finnegan saluted and turned silently toward the stairs.

"Finnegan." He turned, and the Captain extended his hand. "Finnegan," he said, "I don't forget that night; but you must go; the eternal fitness of things demands it. Perhaps I'll go, too. Good-by."

"Report for duty, sir!"

The two extremes of the ship's company shook hands, and Finnegan ascended. When past the quartermasters, and out of hearing, he grumbled and whined. "No good, hey. Thirty years in the service, an' sent up here to think o' my sins like a sick monkey. Good for nothin' but to work wi' the sogers. Nice job for an able seaman! What's the blarsted service a-comin' to?"

The two fleets were approaching in nearly similar formation,—double column,—at about a twelve-knot speed. The Argyll led the left column of the English ships—if two ships may be called a column; the Atholl, a heavily armored, though lightly armed, ship, being at double distance astern; and the flagship Cumberland, a large protected cruiser, on the Argyll's starboard bow, led the right column, composed of three other ships of her own class, the Marlborough, the Montrose and the Sutherland.

•

The six ships formed two triangles, one following the other, with the heaviest craft at the angles nearest the enemy. Heading as they were, the fleets would pass about a mile apart. Led by a black, high-sided monster, the left column of the enemy was made up of four battle-ships of uncouth, foreign design and murderous appearance, while the right column contained the flagship and three others—all heavily armored cruisers.

Flanking each fleet, far to the rear, were torpedo boats and destroyers.

"We're out-classed, Dalrymple," said Captain Blake to the navigating officer. "There are the ships we expected—the Warsaw, Kharkow and Moscow,—all of fighting weight,—and their best cruisers; there are the Obdorsk, Tobolsk, Saratow and Orinburg. Leaving out the Argyll, we haven't a ship equal to the weakest one there. This fight is the Argyll's."

"And the Argyll is equal to it, Captain," answered the Lieutenant. "All I fear is torpedoes. Of course, our ends and superstructure will catch it, and I suppose we will lose men—all the quick-fire men."

"Those in the tops, surely. Dalrymple, what do you think about it? I don't feel right about Finnegan. He belongs in the forward turret, and I've sentenced him. Have I that right? I've half a mind to call him down."

Without waiting for Mr. Dalrymple's opinion, the Captain pushed a button marked "Forward Turret," and listened at a telephone.

"Mr. Clarkson," he called, "I've put your man Finnegan in the upper top, but he seems all right now. Can you use him?" The answer came, "No, sir; I've filled his place."

"Die, then," muttered Captain Blake gloomily. "On my soul be it, Finnegan!" He resumed his position at the peep-hole.

The Japanese servant, whose station in action was at the forward turret ammunition hoist, had reported the service of whisky to his mates, and the news spread,—as news will in a cellular hull,—up to turrets and gun-rooms, through speaking-tubes and water-tight bulkheads, and down to the stoke-hold, engine and steering rooms. As the piece of news did not lessen in transit, the whole ship's company was commenting by this time, mentally and openly, and more or less profanely, on the fact that the "old man" was "getting drunk in the conning-tower."

Another piece of news had traveled as fast and as far—the news of Finnegan's whereabouts. Mr. Clarkson had incidentally informed his gun-captain, who told the gun crew, and from them the story went down the hoist and spread. Men swore louder over this; though they did not want him around and in the way, they did not want him to die, for cold logic says that no man may live through an action in a fighting-top. Strong natures love those which may be teased; and not a heart was there but contained a soft spot for the harmless, ever good-natured and ridiculous Finnegan—who must die.

•

The bark of an eight-inch gun was heard, and Captain Blake saw, through the slits, a cloud of thinning smoke drifting away from the flagship. Stepping back, he rang up the forward turret. "Mr. Clarkson," he said to the telephone when it answered him, "remember—aim for the nearest water-line—load and fire, and expect no orders after the first shot."

Calling up the officer in the after turret he repeated the injunction, substituting turrets as the object of fire. He called to the officers at the eight-inch guns that conning-towers and superstructures were to receive their attention; to those at the six-inch guns to aim solely at turret apertures; to midshipmen and officers of marine in charge of quick-fire batteries to aim at all holes and men showing, to watch for torpedo boats, and, like all others, to expect no orders after the first shot. Then, ringing up the round of gun-positions one after another, he sang out in a voice to be heard by all: "Fire away!"

•

The initial gun had been fired from the flagship when the leading ships of the two fleets were nearly abreast. It was followed by broadsides from all, and the action began.

The Argyll, rolling slightly from the recoil of her guns, smoked down the line like a thing alive, voicing her message, dealing out death, and receiving it. In this first round of the battle the fire of the seven opposing vessels was directed at her alone. Shells punctured her vulnerable parts, and, exploding inside, killed men and dismounted guns. The groans of the stricken, the crash of steel against steel, the roar of the turret guns, the rattling chorus of quick-fire arms, and the drumming of shells against the conning-tower and turrets, made an uproarious riot of sound over which no man above the water-line could lift his voice.

But some there were besides the dead,—men who worked through and survived the action,—who, after the first impact of sound, did not hear it, nor anything else while they lived. They were some of those who had neglected stuffing their ears with cotton.

•

The two lines a mile apart, and each about a mile in length, were squarely abreast in less than five minutes from the time of firing the first gun, and by now the furious bombardment of the Argyll by seven ships had ceased, for each one found it more profitable to deal with its vis-à-vis. But there was yet a deafening racket in the Argyll's conning-tower, as small projectiles from the rear battle-ship impigned on its steel walls, and Captain Blake, his ears ringing, his eyes streaming,—half stunned by the noise, and almost suffocated by gas and smoke from his forward guns,—did not know his ship had dropped back in the line until the signal officer descended and shouted in his ear an order signaled by the Admiral: "Move ahead to position."

"Hang the man who invented conning-towers," he muttered angrily. "Keep a lookout up there, Mr. Wright," he shouted; "I can hardly see." The officer half-saluted and ran up the stair, while Captain Blake rang "Full speed" to the engines. The indicators showed increased revolution, and he resumed his place at the peep-hole. In a few moments Mr. Wright reappeared with a message from the flagship to "Starboard helm."

"All right. Watch out up there; report all you see," he answered.

Peeping out, he saw the Cumberland sheering to port, and he moved the lever of the steering telegraph. There was no answering ring. "Shot away, by George," he growled. He yelled into a supplementary voice-tube to "Starboard the wheel—slowly."

This was not answered, and with his own hands he coupled the steering wheel on the binnacle and gave it a turn. It was merely a governor, which admitted steam to the steering engine, and there was no resisting pressure to guide him; but a helm indicator on the wall showed him the changed position of the rudder, and, on looking ahead, he found that the ship was answering the wheel. Also, on looking to starboard, he saw that he had barely escaped collision with the Marlborough, whose fire he had been masking for some time.

•

A little unnerved, he called down a seven-inch tube to an apartment in the depths,—a central station of pipes and wires, to be used as a last resort,—directing the midshipman on post to notify the chief engineers of the damage, and to order the quartermasters in the steering-room to disconnect their wheel and "stand by." This was answered, and Captain Blake resumed his lookout, one hand on the wheel.

"Reduces the Captain of the ship to a helmsman," he grumbled.

The navigating officer approached, indicating by gesture and expression of face his intention of relieving him, but was waved away.

"I want the wheel myself," shouted the Captain. "Hang a conning-tower, anyway. Keep a lookout to port—but say, Dalrymple, send up for Finnegan. Get him down here. I'll not have him killed."

The Lieutenant ascended the stair to pass the word for Finnegan. He did not come down. He had reached the signal platform, where one quartermaster lay dead, and was transmitting Finnegan's reprieve to Mr. Wright, when a heavy shell struck the mast above their heads and below the lower fighting-top, exploded inside, killed the men on the platform, and hurled the upper part of the mast, with both tops,—full of dead and living men,—high in air.

The conning-tower was filled with gas and smoke, but Captain Blake, though burned and nearly stripped of clothing by the blast of flame, was uninjured by the flying fragments of metal. Smarting, gasping and choking, fully aware of the awful destruction above, his mind dwelt for an instant on the man who had once saved his life, whom he had sentenced to this death. He looked up the hollow within the wrecked staircase, but saw nothing but smoke.

Mr. Clarkson, however, happened to be looking through an upper peep-hole in the sighting-hood of his turret at this moment, and saw the upper half of the mast lift and turn; also, dimly through the smoke, he noticed, among the dozen of men hurled from the tops, the blue-shirted figure of one which he knew to be Finnegan's, clinging at arm's length in midair to a Gatling gun, which had been torn from its fastenings.

Then the dense smoke shut out the view completely, but a moment or two later he heard the rattling crash of the mast as it fell on the superstructure beneath.

•

"The whole mast is gone, men," he shouted to his crew. "Both tops. Finnegan is done for!"

And the story of Finnegan's finish went down the hoist and through the ship, everywhere received with momentary sorrow, and increased malediction on the Captain who thought no more,—and knew no more,—of a sailor than to masthead him with the marines.

The tactics of both Admirals being the same, and the speed of both fleets,—that of their slowest ships,—being equal, they turned, and, like two serpents pursuing each other's tails, charged around in a circle, each ship firing at the nearest or most important enemy. This fire was destructive. A ship a mile distant is a point-blank target for modern guns and gunners, and everything protected by less than eight inches of steel suffered.

The Argyll had lost her military mast and most of her secondary guns. The flagship Cumberland, raked and riddled by nine and eleven-inch shells, surrounded herself with steam from punctured boilers shortly after the signal to turn, and swung drunkenly out of line, her boilers roaring, her heavy guns barking.

A long, black thing, low down behind the wave created by its rush, darted by her unstruck by the shot and shell sent by the flagship and the Marlborough. A larger thing, nearly hidden by a larger wave, was coming from the opposite direction, spitting one-pound shot at the rate of sixty a minute, but without present avail; for a spindle-shaped object left the deck of the first when squarely abreast of the helpless flagship, and the existence and position of this object was henceforth indicated only by a line of bubbles—a darting streak of white froth, traveling rapidly toward the Cumberland. In less than a minute it had reached her.

•

The sea alongside rose in a mound, and she seemed to lean away from it; then the mound burst, and out of it, and spouting from funnels, ventilators and ports, came a dense cloud of smoke, which mingled with the steam and hid her from view, while a dull, booming roar, barely distinguishable in the noise of battle, came across the water. When the cloud thinned there was nothing to be seen but the heads of swimming men, who swam for a time and sank. The flagship was successfully torpedoed.

But the torpedo boat followed her. Pursued by the destroyer, she circled and headed back in the endeavor to reach her consorts, but she had not time.

•

Little by little the avenger crept up, pounding her with shot and shell, until, leaking badly from a hundred wounds, she settled beneath the surface. She had fulfilled her mission; she was designed to strike once, and die.

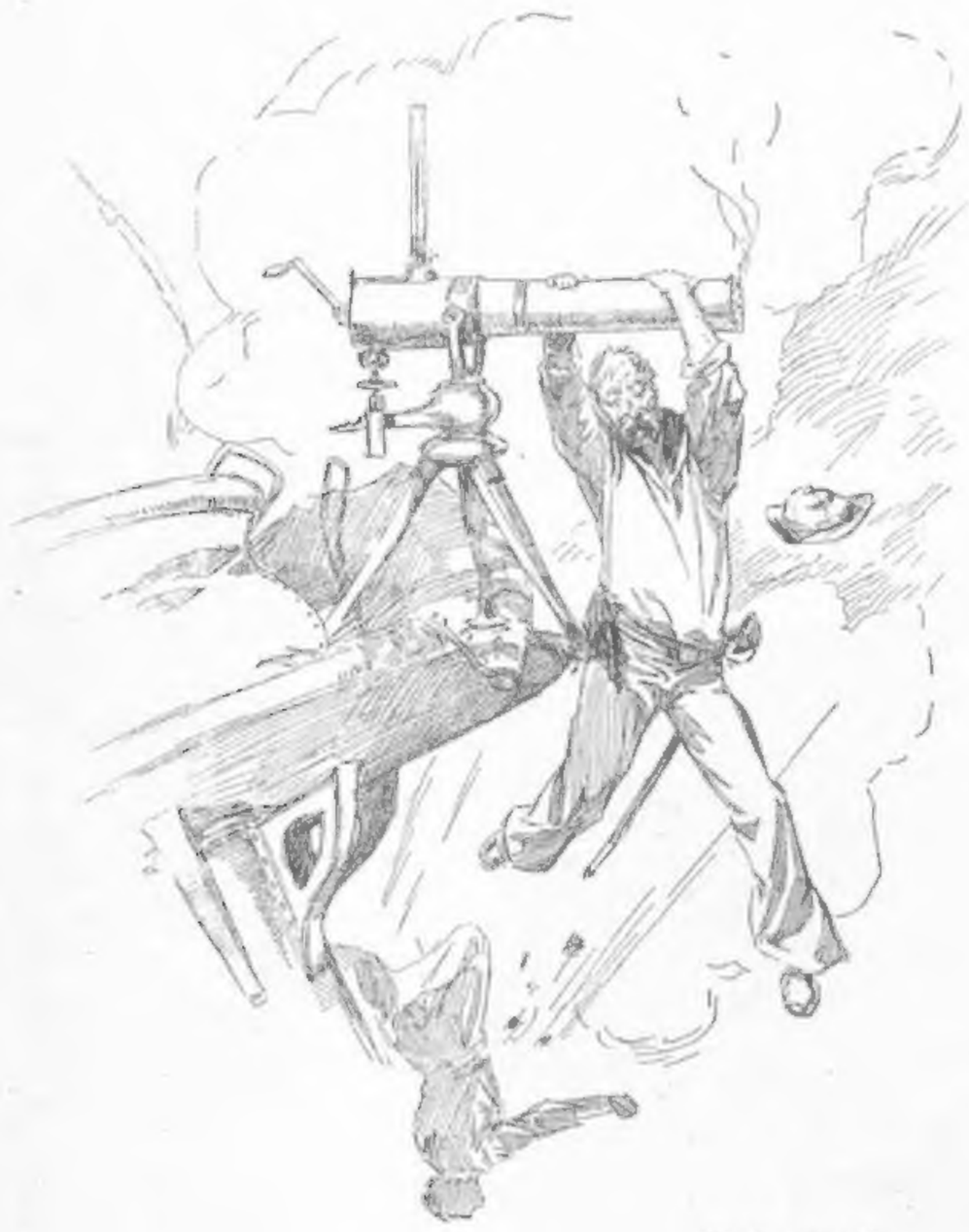
The rear ship of the inner column, the Atholl, was officially an armored cruiser, but possessed none of the attributes of the cruiser class. She was the laggard of the fleet, and her heaviest guns were of six-inch calibre; but, being designed for a second-class battle-ship, she carried this temporary battery behind sixteen inches of steel, and had thus far maintained her integrity, taking harder blows than she could give. With the going down of the Cumberland she took a position astern of the Sutherland, and the double line of battle was reduced to a single line, for the Argyll had left the formatio before the flagship sank. And this is wh the overmatched and well-battered cruisers received no more attention from the enemy—it were wiser to deal with the Argyll.

The Saratow, blazing fiercely from the effects of a well-planted shell, had drawn out

The two extremes of the ship's company shook hands

of line, the better to cope with her trouble. Her place was filled by the Orinburg drawing ahead; but the fleet still held to double column, and into the lane between the lines the Argyll was coming at sixteen knots, breathing flame, vomiting steel—delivering destruction and death.

Twelve-inch armor cannot keep out thirteen-inch armor-piercing shells; and torpedoes cannot explode on board without damage to machinery, steering-gear and vital connections. The Warsaw yawed, slackened speed and stopped, her secondary guns silent, but the turret guns still speaking.



Clinging at arm's length in midair

She had rounded the Moscow's stern, raking her as she came, and sending armor-piercing shells through her citadel. Some exploded on impact, some inside—all did work. A thirteen-inch shell pierced the after turret and silenced the gun and gun-crew forever. Before the Argyll was abreast she had ceased firing.

Rolling and smoking, her crew decimated, her guns disabled and steering-gear carried away, she swung out of line; and the appearance in his field of vision of several rushing waves with short smokestacks behind, and the supplementary pelting his ship was now receiving from the Marlborough, decided her commander to lower his flag.

•

On the starboard bow of the Argyll was the armored cruiser Orinburg. Her fire, hot and true, ceased on the explosion of a large shell at her water-line, and she swung out of the fight,—silent but for the roar of escaping steam,—heeled heavily to port, and sank in ten minutes, her ensigns flying to the last. Mr. Clarkson rejoiced with his gun-crew. He had sent the shell.

On rushed the Argyll, her next adversary the Kharkow, a battle-ship nearly equal in guns and armor to herself, but not quite—by an inch. And that inch cost her the fight. With her main turrets damaged, her superstructure, secondary guns and torpedo tubes shot away, she yielded to fate, and, while the Argyll passed on, hauled down her ensigns, at the request of a torpedo boat.

Ahead, and to starboard, was the Tobolsk, leaving the neighborhood as fast as her twin screws could push her. Her end was in sight; in her wake were two long torpedo destroyers, and behind, charging across the broken formation, was the fleet cruiser Marlborough. The Argyll ignored the Tobolsk, for, slowing down to await her coming was the black and high-sided Warsaw, the monster of the enemy's fleet, bristling with guns—sombre and ominous in her silence. Ahead of her, and turning to port, was the flagship Obdorsk, also slowed down; but she promised to be fully occupied with the Atholl, Sutherland and Montrose; they had wheeled in their tracks, no longer obliged to traverse a circle to reach an enemy.

•

On stormed the Argyll, and, when nearly up to the Warsaw, the latter gave steam to her engines. Breast to breast the gladiators charged across the sea, flaming and smoking. A torpedo left the side of the Warsaw, pointed diagonally ahead to intercept the Argyll; but it was badly aimed, and the hissing bubbles passed under her stern. Before another could be discharged, the torpedo-room, located by the Argyll's officers, was enlarged to the size of three by the explosion of the remaining torpedoes.

The Argyll then circled around, sending thirteen, eight and six-inch shells into her victim with almost muzzle energy. The two military masts of the Warsaw sank, and dead men in the fighting-tops were flung overboard. The forward turret seemed to explode; flame shot out of the apertures, and the top lifted and fell. Then the Argyll turned and headed straight for her side.

There was little need of gun-fire now; but the forward turret guns belched once during the charge, and the more quickly handled eight and six-inch rifles stormed away while there was time to reload. Smoking, rolling and barking,—ten thousand tons of inertia behind a solid steel knife,—she pounced on her now silent enemy.

•

There was a crunching sound, muffled and continuous. The speed of the Argyll seemed hardly checked. In went the ram, farther and farther, until the slanting edge began cutting above water; then the Warsaw, heeled far over by the impact, rolled back and the knife cut upward. The smooth plates at the Argyll's water-line wrinkled like paper, and the pile of shattered steel that had once been her forward deck and bulkheads was shaken up and adjusted to new positions; but not until her nose was actually buried in the wound—until the Warsaw was cut half in two—did the reversed engines begin to work.

The Argyll backed, exposing for a moment a hole like a cavern's mouth; then the stricken ship rolled heavily toward her; burying the sore, and humming and buzzing with exhausting steam and rushing air, settled rapidly, and sank in a turmoil of bursting steam and air-bubbles.

Out from ports, doors and nearly vertical hatches had come her crew—as many as could. They sprang overboard and swam, and those that reached the now stationary Argyll were rescued; for a cry had gone through her from the central station in her depths: "All hands on deck to save life. Bring ladders, life-buoys and ropes'-ends."

The battle was ended; for, with the ramming of the Warsaw, the Obdorsk struck to the three ships circling around her, and the Tobolsk was steaming back with English colors flying, escorted by the Marlborough and the torpedo fleet. The four cruisers had all suffered bitterly, but the battle-ship Argyll was reduced to a monitor.

Her superstructure, and the bow and stern above the water-line, were reduced to a shapeless tangle of steel. What was left of her funnels and ventilators resembled nutmeg graters; and she was perceptibly down by the head, for the bow leaked through its wrinkled plates, and the forward compartment below the protective deck was filled.

Yet she could still fight—in smooth water. Her boxlike citadel was intact, and, standing naked out of the wreck, scarred and indented, but uninjured, were the turrets, ammunition-hoists and conning-tower. In the last was the brain of the ship—that had fought her to victory, and had then sent the call for her crew to save the lives of their enemies.

Two men met on a level spot amidships and clasped hands. Both were bare-waisted and grimy, and one showed red as a lobster under the stains. He was the chief engineer.

•

"Well, we've won, Clarkson," he said. "We've won the hottest fight that history can tell of—won it ourselves; but he'll get the credit."

"And he as drunk as a lord through it all. What did he ram for? Why did he send £500,000 of prize money to the bottom? It's enough to make a man swear. We had her licked. Why did he ram?"

"Because he was drunk—that's why. He rang seven bells to me along at the first of the muss, and then sent word through young Felton that he wanted full speed. He had it—every pound of it. And he gave me no signal to reverse when we struck. If it wasn't for luck, or a kind Providence, we'd have followed the Warsaw. I barely got her over. Here, Mr. Felton, you were in the central, weren't you? How did the old man appear to be making it? Were his orders intelligible?"

A young man had joined them, hot, breathing hard, and unclothed.

"Not always, sir; I had to ask him often to repeat, and then I sometimes got another order. He kept me busy from the first—when he sent the torpedoes overboard."

"Sent the torpedoes!" exclaimed Mr. Clarkson. "Did we use them? I didn't know it."

"He said he was afraid they would explode on board. That was just after we took full speed."

"And just before he got too full to be afraid of anything," muttered the First Lieutenant. Other officers had joined them, glancing toward the conning-tower.

"Why don't he come out of there?"

But Finnegan only snored

"We'll investigate," said Mr. Clarkson.

The door on the level of the main deck, leading into the mast, was found to be wedged fast by the blow of a projectile. Men, naked and black, sprawled about the wreckage breathing fresh air, were ordered to get up, and to rig a ladder outside. They did so, and Mr. Clarkson ascended to the ragged top of the hollow stump and looked down.

Standing at the wheel, steering the drifting ship with one hand and holding an empty bottle with the other, was a man with torn clothing and bloody face. In spite of the disfigurement, Mr. Clarkson knew him. Jammed into the narrow staircase leading below was the body of a man, partly hidden by a Gatling gun, the lever of which had pierced the forehead.

"Finnegan," yelled the officer, "how'd you get there?"

The man at the wheel lifted an eye and blinked; then, touching his forehead, he answered, "Fell down shtairs, sir."

"Come out of that. On deck, there. Take the wheel, one hand, and stand by it."

Mr. Clarkson descended to the others with a serious look on his grimy face, and a sailor climbed the ladder and went down the mast.

•

"Gentlemen," said the First Lieutenant impressively, "we were mistaken, and we wronged Captain Blake. He is dead. He died at the beginning. He lies under a Gatling gun at the bottom of the tower. I saw Finnegan hanging to that gun—whirling around it—when the mast blew up.

"It is all plain now. Finnegan and the gun fell into the tower. Finnegan may have struck the stairs and rolled down, but the gun went down the hollow and killed the Captain. We have been steered and commanded by a drunken man—but it was Finnegan."

Finnegan scrambled painfully down the ladder. He staggered, stumbled, and fell in a heap on the deck.

"Rise up," said Mr. Clarkson, as they gathered about him. "Rise up, Daniel Drake Nelson Farragut Finnegan. You are small potatoes and few in the hill. You are shamefully drunk, and your nose bleeds. You are stricken with Spanish mildew—but you are immortal. You have been a disgrace to the service, but Fate, in her gentle irony, has redeemed you, permitting you, in one brief moment of your misspent life, to save to your country the command of the seas—to guide with your subconscious intelligence the finest battle-ship the science of the world has constructed to glorious victory, through the fiercest sea-fight the world has known. Rise up, Daniel, and see the Surgeon."

But Finnegan only snored.

• • •

Cooking Supper for the Enemy

The Story of the Vanishing Regiments

ONE of Mosby's men recently drove a coach load from Camp Alger to the Blue Ridge, says the Baltimore Sun. In the party was an officer of volunteers—an ex-Union soldier who had campaigned in that part of Virginia during the Civil War. It was a charming ride. The bracing air as it blew down from the mountain tops seemed surcharged with Nature's tonic. Finally the party reached a point in the road where the ascent of the mountains begins. The officer's face brightened up as he viewed the scenes spread out before them.

"Do you see that hill right over there, dear?" he said to his wife, pointing to the place. She looked in the direction indicated by him and then nodded assent.

"Well, my dear, right at the foot of that hill is the very place where we cooked our supper that night I have been telling you about."

"Yes, my darling," said the old Mosby graybeard, turning around, "and that is the very place where we'uns eat your supper for you."

•

"What," said the Union officer, "were you one of that party of 'reba' that came down on us?"

"Yes, sir; I was one of them. We sat up there on the top of the hill and watched you cooking that supper, and when we thought you had it done about to our taste we came down to join you."

"Well, tell me, my friend," said the Union officer, "where on earth did you fellows come from? You must have come up mighty sudden."

"Well, I will answer your question, stranger," said the old graybeard, "if you can clear up a mystery for me."

"Certainly; what is it?"

"Whar in thunder did you fellows go to so quick? My idea at the time was that you climbed up the inside of some tree."

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

With Drawings by HENRY HUTT

SEVENTH CHAPTER

DR. LAYTON came back with Ol down the slope leading from the house to the water. He carried a small rifle on his shoulder, and was evidently relating some humorous story or episode to Ol, for the latter was laughing in his slow, deep-toned way and the Doctor's boyish peal was heard frequently.

As they approached, the Doctor stopped, aimed the rifle, then lowered it, indicating the hammer with his right hand. They both laughed again, and Louise imagined the Doctor was telling a gunning story. As she watched him draw near her sensations were not well-balanced. She had begun by nursing a personal prejudice against this man. What she thought she knew of his life was deeply repugnant to *her*, and she was prone to criticise a certain lack of poise in his manner which grated on her over-refined sensibilities. When a woman's ideal man is a combination of a Chevalier Bayard, an Edward the Confessor, a Charles Lamb and a William Gladstone seen only in perspective, what can she find in a man who is but her own equal?

Doctor Layton leaned over the side of the boat, holding out his hand to Louise as he said, "How do you do, Miss Fremont? Is the cure progressing? I am what Ol calls 'a surprise party,' am I not? I nearly always come down for over Sunday during the fall, but I believe I did not mention that fact to you. Professor Fremont will hardly remember me after all these years, so I'll introduce myself again by shaking hands with him." Which he did in his hearty way, called by Melissa "captivatin'."

•

It seemed to have this same effect upon the Professor, for after Louise had murmured the commonplace, "We are very glad indeed to see you," the elder man, steadying himself by the Doctor's hand and arm, arose and stepped up on the little pier saying, "Help me out, Doctor Layton, and permit me to say, not only how glad I am to meet you, but to add my appreciation of your kindness to my daughter and to me in sending us to this beautiful spot."

"So you really like Weecapaug, Professor Fremont? It's the home of my ancestors and the home of my heart. It is my Arcadia."

The two men stood discussing Weecapaug until the Doctor turned to Louise asking, "Do you find the place up to your expectations, Miss Fremont?" while Ol showed the Professor a spring near-by, flowing into the pond, over which an arch of stones had been built. Ferns and lichens grew out of the crevices between the stones of this fairy bath, making a cool, green bower over the translucent water.

Louise replied with more animation than usual. "I am bewitched with the beauty of it all and by your fisherman. Tell me, please, can we offer to pay him for bringing us up here? It would be like doing business with a picture to offer him money."

•

"I hardly think he would take it. I'll make it all right with him," replied Layton, who certainly looked ten years younger in a blue serge suit, a cap, and a general air of freedom and relief from thought.

"No, Doctor Layton," said Louise, a trifle coolly; "if there is to be any settling with him I will attend to it, thank you."

"Oh, I see! you like to do things for yourself. Couldn't you let it go on my bill?—which, by the way, I forgot to bring with me."

"No, I couldn't. Do you ever talk seriously about anything?"

"Not often, and certainly not on such an afternoon as this. I sent you here to get away from the serious side. Would you have me bring it down with me on the train? Do you feel that sunburn coming on? Put some cornstarch on your face, just as you would powder, and it will not hurt you much."

"What! Am I burning already?" She passed her fingers over her cheeks. "I don't feel it. I usually tan more than burn."

"I believe I'd grow fat off the fun of teasing you, Miss Fremont. You take it all so seriously. Were you ever a little girl, or did you ever do anything in this world without taking a second thought?" laughed Layton.

"In forming an ophthalmic diagnosis, Doctor Layton, do you usually make a study of the patient's idiosyncracies?"

"Whew! What stupendous language! I meant for you to leave the dictionary behind you, too."

"Oh, yes, and learn to talk like Miss Stillman, I presume, while I'm about it."

"Like Melissa? Nobody could do that. She's a unique even for Weecapaug. Have you fallen in love with her smile?"

"Not altogether. I have my affections pretty well in hand."

"I'll warrant you have," and his deep-set eyes danced like the waves when the sun strikes them in a blue sea. "I salute thee, Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and, pressing his cap over the region of his heart, Doctor Layton bowed low.

•

Just then Ol and the Professor came up behind him and Ol called out, "Doc, yu git out them rowlocks an' I'll fill this jug with drinkin' water an' we'll be movin'."

Louise felt a new atmosphere of vitality and action about them as Doctor Layton, having helped himself to a pair of oars (Ol always carried four with his usual caution), took his seat and pulled with the fisherman, his strong body swaying in time with Ol's long frame. He asked Ol, "Where's Mary Ann? Is she in disgrace to-day? Doesn't she draw, or has she 'bittered up'?"

"Oh, she's same's usual an' jus' 's good, only I don't know's the folks likes tobacco," Ol replied, indicating Louise with his hand.

"Wouldn't you like to see Mary Ann, Miss Fremont?" called Layton, turning his head toward Louise, who was seated in the bow behind Ol.

"I do not object to tobacco smoke, if that is what you wish to know," returned Louise.

"Then, Ol, light up and be happy," ordered the Doctor.

Ol crossed his oars in front of him, took from his pocket a cob pipe and a square plug of tobacco, which he cut into bits and stuffed into the bowl of the pipe, then he applied a match and was happy. He always called his pipe Mary Ann, lovingly, and talked of her as though she were his sweetheart.

•

The Professor and Doctor Layton made each other's acquaintance, seated opposite, as they were, by discussing the different varieties of trees growing on the hills, and Professor Fremont was greatly interested in what Ol called "the bald-headed mountain," a distant hill destitute of foliage, with a bare, sandy summit supposed to be an interesting spot in Indian history.

•

When Louise and her father were safely landed at the bridge, Doctor Layton got back into the boat, and, raising his cap, said to them, "I hope I may call upon you and Melissa to-morrow. She does her washing on Sunday, I know, but I think she will receive me."

"Certainly, we will be most pleased to see you," replied Professor Fremont. "Where do you stay when down here, Doctor Layton?"

"All about," replied Layton carelessly, "wherever the notion takes me. Ol is to be my host this time. I shall bunk with him at the camp. Good evening. Remember the prescription for the sunburn, Miss Fremont."

"Tell Melissa he'll be up fur dinner to-morrow—I'm goin' home," Ol called back as the two men rowed down the Breach.

"What was the prescription the Doctor mentioned, Louie?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, he was only joking, father. He dearly loves to tease, and had been trying to make me believe my face was all red and ugly," replied Louise as they walked up the path to the house.

"Yes, he has a great deal of the boy left in him, but he is every inch a man, and a man I would trust," said her father.

"The Doctor seems to have captivated you, father. I have heard that word 'captivatin'' used so much to-day that I'm falling into the habit myself."

"He is a fine man. I think I should like him for my friend. He reminds me of my college chum, Billy Everett. Billy was hardly ever out of a scrape, and yet everybody loved him. I wonder where he is now?" The Professor sighed, and Louise silently put her arm through his.

As the two men rowed away together, Layton pulled out a cigar and handed another to Ol, remarking, "What do you think of the old gentleman and his daughter, Ol?"

"Well, he don't take much studyin' 'bout—he's got learnin' an' a good heart, if he das'sent tetch a gun since he fought in the wars, but the gurl don't speak her mind on her face; she jus' lays low an' watches other folks same's if they was a circus; but if ever she gits some red in them cheeks an' a more feelin' look in them eyes she can have me fur looks. She's the same's them white gulls we shoots on Gull Rocks—all white an' smooth an' lovely, but there's a lackin' somewheres—I can't say jus' where."

"Why! Because I be a Seventh-Day Baptist"

Ol looked puzzled as he spoke.

"Yes, old man, you've about sized her up. She is 'all white and smooth and lovely,' both inside and out, but she hasn't much heart," said the Doctor.

"Gui! she made 'nough fuss 'bout my shootin' an' ole pirate hen-hawk to have a dozen women folks'es hearts, the kind 'at al'ays be carryin' on 'bout things."

"Did she?" asked the Doctor quickly. "Perhaps she cares for animals and birds, and as she said, 'Only man is vile' to her." He smiled at the remembrance, and then suddenly changed the subject.

•

When the Fremonts reached the house Miss Melissa was standing at the south door shading her eyes with one hand, watching the retreating boat.

"Who's that in the boat with Ol?" she called out.

"Doctor Layton. We picked him up at the house where the fisherman took us. He had walked from Shannock," replied Louise.

"An' sent his things 'round by Jim, I guess. Where's he goin' to sleep?" said Melissa, still looking after the boat.

"Down at the fisherman's hut. They said to tell you he would be here for dinner to-morrow," Louise replied; then suddenly she added, "Miss Stillman, where does he usually stay?"

"Here 'long o' me, o' course. Yu've got his room, but he said I were to give it up to yu when yu came," was the reply.

Louise stood still an instant, looking in the direction the boat had taken, then followed her father upstairs, where he had gone at once on their return. She commented to herself, "He is unselfish, anyway."

The following morning both father and daughter went about Melissa's place on a tour of investigation. The horse barn came first, then the cow barn, where the twenty cows were milked night and morning, and whose odor, Louise declared, reminded her of Thomas Hardy's England. Then came the orchard, where the horses not in use trotted up and down when not cropping grass; and up behind this orchard, as the earth began to make into a hill, they found an old burying-ground, where rested all kinds of Stillmans, from Revolutionary Captains, with pompous and edifying epitaphs, to Melissa's grandfather, who was buried at the head of a row of five wives.

Where rested all kinds of Stillmans

There was never any doubt in the minds of the Fremonts from that time on that Melissa belonged to an old family, and back in the private recesses of their brains they both thought more of her for so doing. Next to brains came "good stock" in their appraisement of human values. The Professor's theory was that with brains and good blood a man must be "a gentleman and a scholar."

Upon their return to the house they received an intimation of a shock to even their Unitarian views of Sunday observance, when they saw Melissa busily engaged in hanging out her week's washing.

•

Louise remarked, "I wonder if she knows why she keeps Saturday as Sabbath. Let's ask her;" and she said to Melissa, as they moved within speaking distance: "Why is it, Miss Stillman, that you do not keep this day as Sabbath?"

Melissa answered with a clothes-pin between her teeth. "Why? Because I be a Seventh-Day Baptist."

"But have you any reason for thinking that way about it?" continued Louise.

"Reason 'nough in the Scriptures. The Lord begun to make the world on a Sunday, which were the first day, wa'n't it? Then He made the animals, an' the sun, an' moon, an' stars, an' water, an' Adam an' Eve on the followin' days, an' when Sat'day come He rested from His labors. There's yure proof's clear's day."

Melissa had dropped her hands, holding a wet sheet in them in front of her as she enumerated. After the last word of her explanation she turned in a final way to hang up the sheet.

•

The Fremonts walked around to the porch, where they sat some time discussing the Sabbatarian reasoning, until Louise, on looking at her watch, exclaimed, "Father, it is nearly noon! Doctor Layton sent us to a place where he knew we would be tempted away from work. I meant to do something with Rubezahl this morning. I must go upstairs and 'tidy up' for dinner. I believe that is the Weecapaug term for making one's toilette."

She went up to her room, and as a result of Weecapaug air and mental *dolce far niente* she began to sing trills, scales and impromptu cadenzas, with her light, high voice which had been the despair of her Italian singing-master, with whom she had studied at one time in Milan. When she tried to sing a song to him he would scream, "Nevahrr! You have not zze soul of zze singarr, nozzing but zze voice! Trrrill Signorina! Trrrill! zzat is zze distanze of your knowledge of zze gareat arrrt!" Louise soon learned her vocal limitations, and took more pleasure in the things she could do than in those she could not.

In her room that day she gave vent to physical buoyancy by trilling up and down the voice with an ease worthy of an early Italian vocalist. In the midst of her enjoyment a violent scurry of heavy feet was heard in the hall, followed by what sounded like a breathless knock on the door, and a sudden entrée made by Melissa, who looked greatly alarmed.

"Be yu sick?" she demanded.

"Sick!" exclaimed Louise in amazement. "No, indeed! I never felt better in my life."

"Sure yu ain't sick to yure stomic? Yu needn't mind me. I ain't no man," said Melissa reassuringly.

"I assure you, Miss Stillman," said Louise, nearly laughing, "that I am perfectly well. What made you think I was sick?"

•

"Why, them noises yu wus makin' brung me flyin'. I 'lowed yu's dreffal sick to yure stomic an' needed help. Sure yu ain't? The Doctor's downstairs, an' I'll call him up."

Louise, biting her lips to keep back her laughter, reiterated her previous assertion, adding the information that the noises were singing, at which Melissa stood still and stared, saying slowly, "I want to know!"

As soon as the amazed woman was disposed of, Louise sat down on the bed, and, as nearly as she could, roared. She laughed and laughed, as people do to whom such expression is unusual, until the tears came. She rocked back and forth on the edge of the bed trying to control herself, but the laughter would come.

Professor Fremont, sitting down below on the porch, remarked to Doctor Layton, who

had during the last few moments joined him there, "My dear Doctor, what can be the matter with my daughter? I never heard her laugh in that way before. Can the trouble with her eyes be inducing hysteria—a disease which is peculiar to American women, I understand?"

"Don't you worry about Miss Fremont, Professor," replied Doctor Layton, almost laughing himself from pure contagion. "That's the best medicine in the world for her. Is she in the room above? I expect Melissa has been doing some farce comedy for her up there. I heard Melissy rush violently upstairs a moment ago. She herself is a tonic to my patients when I send them down here for their health."

•

They resumed their conversation as Louise's laughter subsided. Some fifteen minutes later, when she came out on the porch, her eyes looked as though she had been weeping. As she joined them she was sobered by seeing her father in an excited state, with a delicate flush on his white cheeks. He was shaking both of Doctor Layton's hands eagerly, repeating as he did so, "Billy Everett's nephew! Billy Everett's nephew! What a surprise! What a joy to me it will be to hear from him again!" On seeing Louise he childishly exclaimed, "Louise, come quickly and hear the news! Your physician is Billy Everett's nephew,—one of his own name,—William Everett Layton!"

"That is good news, father. I am so glad for you! You know, Doctor Layton, my father has never forgotten his college chum during thirty years of separation."

She turned to Layton half apologetically as she said this; then added: "How did you make the discovery, father?"

•

The Professor replied rapidly, still like a child brimming over with news. "'Twas this way. He was telling me that this place is most attractive in winter-time also, and he said he always comes to Shannock to eat his Christmas dinner with his uncle, Mr. William Everett, his mother's youngest brother, and I told him how familiar that name sounded to my ears, referring to my college chum, Billy Everett, from Pittsburg, which made him exclaim, 'My uncle was brought up there; my grandfather moved out there to look after some manufacturing interests when Uncle William was a boy, but they all moved back here a year or so after Uncle Billy married!' (he called him Uncle Billy, Louie! It sounded like old times, even with Uncle before it!) and then we compared notes, and what do you think is the best part? Billy Everett is now living in Shannock, and we are to arrange a meeting!"

Louise had never before seen her father so excited. His eyes fairly sparkled, and a new elasticity seemed to have come into his body. She put one arm up over his shoulder, and mechanically picked up the handkerchief he had dropped in his chair when he arose to meet her, as she gently led him back to it, saying as they moved:

"Father, dear, I am so glad for you! We must go over and see this gentleman. I did not know William was in your name, Doctor Layton. It only read Everett on the sign I saw on your office."

"I never cared to part my name in the middle," said the Doctor, watching her movements, "and my mother preferred that I should be called Everett, so after a while I dropped the William altogether."

•

Louise declined a chair, but took a seat on the edge of the porch, near her father, who held on to her hand as he related to them escapades of his college days in which Billy Everett was always the hero. In this new excitement Louise's recent attack of hearty laughter was forgotten by her father, and nothing was said about it until, he having preceded them into the dining-room when the bell rang, Doctor Layton said to Louise, "Are you finding out from Melissa how to laugh?"

Immediately she was seized with another paroxysm, the tears filling her eyes.

"I—was—prac—ticing a shake—with—my voice," she managed to reply, "and (Oh, I can't tell you) she—came rushing in—to know if—I was 'sick to—my stomic'—I was making such strange noises. Shades of Signor Benvenuto! How he would blaspheme in poetic Italian—could he know his shake was mistaken—for seasickness."

•

Louise leaned against one side of the porch and the Doctor against the other, echoing each other's laughter, and after that duet of risibles they could never again be strangers to each other.

Extreme grief or extreme laughter shared cements friendship as no words can ever do. Finally they composed themselves and went in to dinner, but all during the meal Doctor Layton would burst out into what, in a woman, would be called a giggle, without any apparent cause.

When they were all seated, the door leading into the kitchen opened, and a middle-aged farmer, in his shirt sleeves, wearing a long, sandy beard and mustache, entered. Without saying a word, he walked over to a small mirror hung on the wall over a small stand, on which there always lay a comb and brush. These he took up, and began to use deliberately, combing out his hair and brushing his beard before he turned around, remarking as he faced about: "Well, Melissy, I'm here, as usual o' a Sunday. How're yu, Doc? Glad to see yu in these parts al'ays."

As he took an extra plate set for him at the table, Melissa said diffidently, "This be my brother, Jake, folks. He al'ays comes here fur his victuals on a Sunday."

•

Brother Jake was evidently a dominant spirit with a glib tongue and easy manner. Melissa seldom talked much when he was about, and when she did speak her tone was defiant. Later in their acquaintance she confided to Louise: "It were al'ays nip an' tuk between Jake an' me. He's got speeret; so've I, but he cal'lates to git all my money when I die fur his childern, so he iles his tongue more'n I does mine. 'Tain't needful fur me to—I ain't got no childern."

Jake Stillman and Doctor Layton kept up the conversation during the meal, with frequent interruptions from Melissa in the way of attentions to the Doctor's wants.

"He's my pet, yu know," she explained to Louise, smiling. "I know jus' by his looks when he wants huckleberry Johnnie cake, so I went up on the hill an' picked a pailful o' huckleberries before brekfus' this mornin', so's to make him one."

After dinner Doctor Layton rowed the Fremonts down the Breach in the skiff in which he had come up, landing them on the side of the Breach still unknown to them, and acting as pilot through the rocks to the great cluster known as the Gull Rocks, where a natural formation had created a seat large enough for two people. Louise and her father took this seat, and the Doctor leaned against an adjacent rock. It was another smiling day, too clear for Indian summer, but without a trace of midsummer's intensity. The gulls circled and recircled above their heads, not daring to descend for food at their accustomed place, now preempted.

•

"Shall I tell you a pretty bit of tradition concerning my own ancestry in its relation to this neighborhood?" asked Layton, throwing white pebbles he had picked up, as they came along, into the foam made by the breakers as they threw themselves at the rocks below.

The Fremonts assented with interest.

"Two hundred years ago the Narragansett and Niantic tribes wandered in aboriginal glory and freedom over this land, from Weecapaug Neck (upon which we now sit) to Shannock, which was their headquarters. Back on Melissa's pasture by the ice-pond there is a tribe burying-ground. They were buried in war paint and in full-dress attire. Sosoa was their hero chief, and their faith was spiritualistic——"

"Wait one moment, Doctor," interrupted Professor Fremont. "Is this an historical account you are giving? Sosoa is an historical character in whose life I take great interest."

"The Indian part of my story is true; whether the rest is fiction or not I am not prepared to say. It is generally believed about here. Well, they worshiped spirits of Nature governed by a supreme deity called Kautantowit, who was supposed to have made the first human pair from a stone, but becoming displeased with them he destroyed them and made a second pair from a tree, and from that tree all mankind has sprung——"

•

"Ah!" once more interrupted Professor Fremont, pulling out a note-book. "Louie, just make a note of that and its analogy to the Eden and flood myths. Pardon me, Doctor Layton; proceed with your interesting narrative. We are all attention."

"The next chapter takes up a new set of characters, the two who were responsible for me and mine," went on the Doctor, with a half smile. "At the point along the coast now called Newport there lived at that time a rich farmer,—I don't believe he got a dollar a bushel for wheat, if he raised it,—whose choicest possession was a beautiful young daughter.

"One day along came what we would nowadays discourteously call a tramp, from the coast of Massachusetts, looking for employment. My grandparents hired him to work on the farm—which shows, to my mind, that the old man was not as black as he was painted afterward. Anyway, William Everett, the first, went to work at digging potatoes (if they were in season), endeavoring to make himself generally useful, and at the same time set to work at stealing the affections of the beautiful daughter, Mary, who inherited her sire's adamantine will."

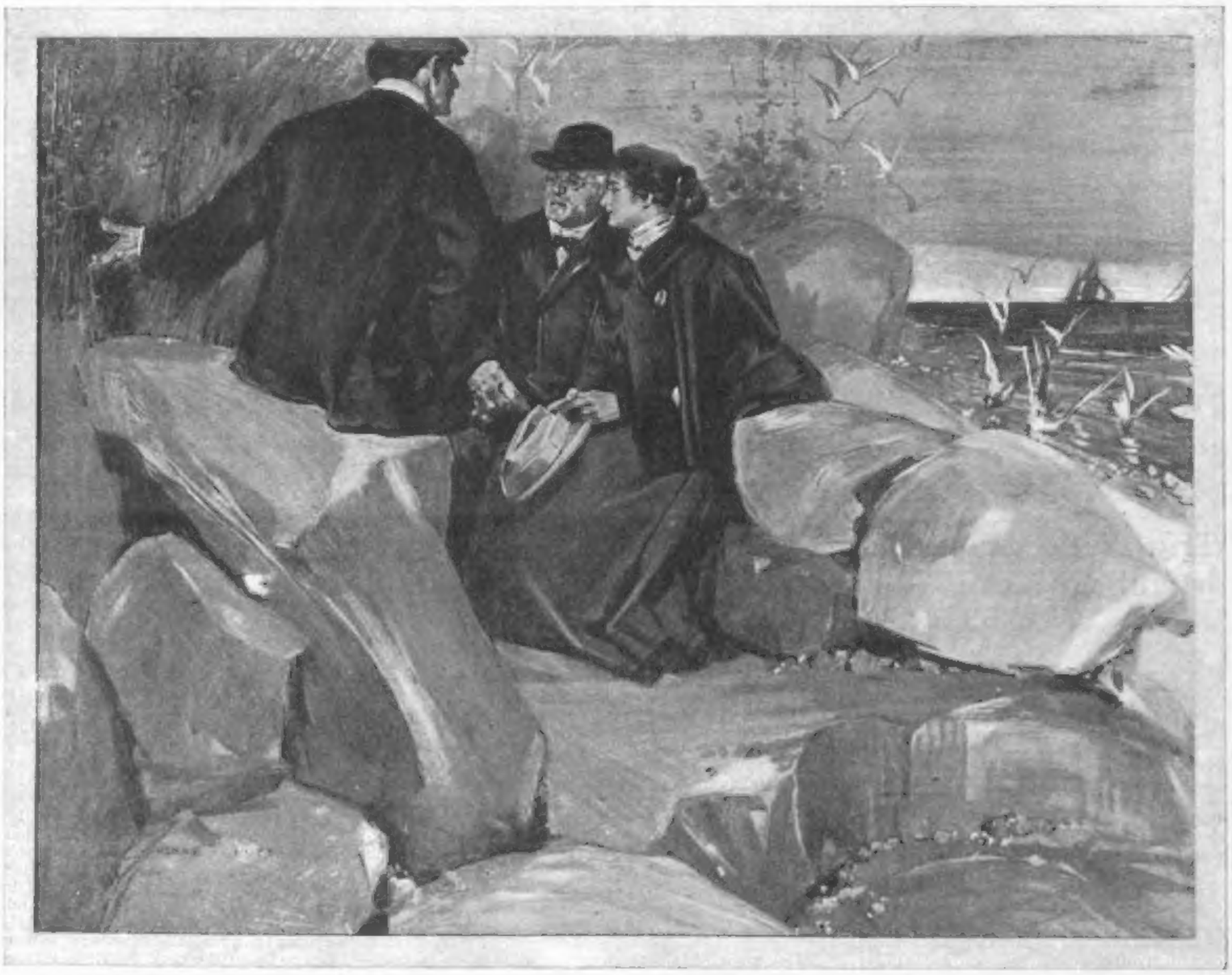
•

"You would make fun even of your own grandfather," interposed Louise.

"William, in time," continued Layton, only glancing at her, "proposed for the hand of Mary in due form, which raised a storm on the premises—'a regular 'inside nor'easter,' as Ol would say. The sire stormed and raged, William begged and plead, while Mary wept piteously, I presume.

"The result was that one cold winter night the lovers set out to sea in an open boat, in which they rowed and floated and starved and froze for each other for several weeks (so the story goes), passing an unknown island (Block), when almost dead, for each other. Just before such a catastrophe could occur a southerly wind sprung up, and in the young flood tide they drifted into the harbor of the Shannock River, where they rowed ashore and were received by the friendly chief, Sosoa, who listened to their tale of parental brutality with sympathetic ears. He gave them shelter until the really fond parent had time to relent and bestow his blessing upon the birth of their child, the first white infant born in this part of Rhode Island, from whom sprung all of the distinguished Revolutionary heroes, and other local celebrities from whom I have the honor to be descended on my mother's side."

He paused, then turned to Louise with, "What do you think of the romantic Mary, Miss Fremont? Do you approve of her deserting family and friends for the man of her choice, or do you think, with Ol, that it would have been better to wait 'till the spring o' the year set in an' the cold broke up' before venturing on an elopement?"



"WHOSE CHOICEST POSSESSION WAS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAUGHTER"

"I think she was a heartless girl to leave her father in that way for any man," answered Louise, with some scorn for his flippant tone where so interesting and romantic a touch of family history was concerned.

"You don't admire her bravery, then? Why, I'm more proud of their pluck than of anything else in the whole story," said Layton, looking at her teasingly.

•

"It would certainly take a deal of bravery to marry any man about whom she had as little knowledge as she evidently had about the first William Everett," replied Louise, looking directly at him.

"Why, she had all she needed to know—that she loved him," said Layton, skimming a shell over the water.

"Her love might have had to cover 'a multitude of sins' before she got through with him," replied Louise.

"Then you could not care for a man who sinned according to your individual moral code?" asked Layton.

"I could not," replied Louise decidedly.

"My daughter has yet to learn some things about charity, Doctor Layton—the charity that is kind for love's sake," said the Professor, laying his arm on Louise's shoulder. "It will all come in good time. The lessons of life are never all learned until we pass out of it, and no one has come back to tell the fullness of knowledge then. Tell me some more about the Indian tribes, specially about the Sachem Sosoa, who certainly proved himself a friend in need to your ancestors."

They talked on for some time before rowing up the Breach. Layton parted from them at the porch with the understanding that Ol would be up for them that evening soon after sunset. Then he would take them all out to sea in the moonlight.

Professor Fremont went immediately up to his room, for he was tired, but Louise sat on the step of the porch, looking at the turquoise sky and feeling the air.

•

When Layton reached the bridge he looked back, and taking off his hat, waved it to her until he succeeded in attracting her attention. In common courtesy she removed her own soft felt hat and returned his salute in similar fashion. Afterward she sat watching him run down the Breach in a perplexity of mind unusual and discomforting to her. She had always prided herself upon her intuitive and logical knowledge of what was best for her to do under any circumstances. Here was a new and perplexing situation to confront. This man evidently desired to follow up a professional relation with a social acquaintance. This she never would have allowed, considering the kind of man, morally, she believed him to be, or to have been; but now arose the complication of his family connection with her father's friend, Mr. Everett, and her father's immediate and unusual drawing toward the man himself.

•

She thought this all over many times, and finally decided that the situation must drift along for the present, but at any time she could go back to New York if he actually did come to Weecapaug for the month of October; and, more than that, she need only be civil to him—acquaintance did not necessitate friendship; with which conclusion she started upstairs, turning to look once more at the sea and dunes toward which the figure in the boat was approaching.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Boss of Myall Blocks

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

With Drawings by C. D. Williams

"I own this station, Mr. Gregory. I discharge you"

ON THINKING it over, I am inclined to believe that, of all men I ever knew in New South Wales,—or, for the matter of that, in Australia,—the worst was Mat Gregory, the manager of the Myall Blocks Station. Just as all the humorous yarns are attributed to Jacky Dow, late of Toganmain, so all the brutalities and insults are given to Gregory—that is to say, the honors are even between him and Tyson, who is really not so bad a sort as the sundowning fraternity are apt to make out.

For certainly Mat Gregory, or "Savage Ginger," as some called him, from his red hair and redder beard, was a hard man, if he was a good manager. And as Simpson, who owned Myall Blocks, made at least thirty thousand out of that station alone in a good year, it was not without justice that he was esteemed a good man from the employers' and capitalists' point of view. But he knew sheep, horses and cattle a little better than he knew men, and consequently he had a bad name among those who worked for him. He could drive a man to death just as any one can ride a horse to death, but he wanted the knack of getting men to lay themselves out for his service. There was no one who loved him or even liked him, and pride in the station itself was a non-existent quality.

•

I knew this because I worked for him myself, and when I was boundary-riding, on an out-station on the line of fence between us and the next station east, I found it a little annoying to be pitied by the other boundary-rider whenever we met.

"How's Old Ginger?" he used to ask, "and are you pickled by now?"

But, fortunately, I saw very little of him, and he left before I did. It happened this way, according to what I was told:

Mat Gregory went up to the Northern Blocks, and stayed there savaging the Superintendent for about three days, and making every one wish he were dead. For, of course, nothing was right. He was the kind of boss who will go into matters with a storekeeper, and, finding half an ounce of tea short, dock the responsible man. And if it was half an ounce over he would slate him for robbing the hands. And yet he was a regular daylight robber himself.

However, at the end of three days he went off south again, and before he had ridden ten miles he came up with a little rough old chap, riding a beast of a broken-down crock not worth a pannikin of flour. His clothes had never been good, but now they were ragged and sunburned, and his very hat was full of holes. But Mat ranged up alongside him and said "Good-day" very civilly for him. He was, maybe, pleased with the jar he had given the North Block lot. Anyhow he slung the traveler "Good-day," and made as if he would chum in with him for the length of one of the big paddocks.

•

"Day to you," said the traveler, who was a strong, wiry old boy, with grizzled eyebrows that hung over his eyes.

"Are you traveling down to Myall Blocks Station?" questioned Mat.

"I am so," answered the old man coldly, "and farther, too—very likely."

"It's a very fine station, this?" said Mat.

"Not so bad," answered the traveler. "Do you know how many sheep run on it?"

"Two hundred thousand and two hundred and five, by the last count," said Mat, feeling quite good and proud of the job.

"What? No more?" asked the old man.

"And how many more do you want?" asked Mat, quite surprised and not a little snake-headed. "Ain't that enough for a rusty old sundowner that never owned more of a sheep than a lump of mutton—and mebbe stolen at that?" said Mat.

"Be civil," said the old man. "How many sheep do you own yourself, or are you a boundary-rider?"

And Mat's horse gave a mighty jump, for Mat dug the spurs into him in his rage. And before Ginger could pull him up he was a hundred yards away. But Ginger turned him and came galloping back.

•

"You rusty old whaler!" he roared. "So I'm to be civil to you, am I? A boundary-rider, indeed! I'm the manager of this run. I'm Matthew Gregory, that's known from Adelaide to Sydney, and from——"

"You might be rich by the way you brag about yourself," said the old boy, with a sneer. "So you're only a manager."

"And what are you?" asked Mat, foaming with rage. "You might be old Jim Gleeson, I should think. Only you ain't."

For Jim Gleeson was the richest man between Wilcannia and the Bogan, and a deal farther than that.

And Mat galloped off in a fury. He found a wire broken near the second fence from the home station, and, riding in, discharged the boundary-rider who was responsible.

Just about sundown the old chap with whom he had had the quarrel came riding past. So Mat went out and shouted over to the storekeeper:

"Don't you give that old ruffian any flour. And, Jack,"—this was to a roustabout cutting firewood—"you go up to the cook double-quick and tell him not to give the scrapings of a frying-pan to him."

But the old chap stopped Jack as he was going up to the men's hut on his errand.

•

"Nice boss, that of yours!" he exclaimed.

"Ain't he just?" said Jack.

"Do you like him?"

"Do we?" asked Jack angrily. But he did what he was told, all the same. And then, to get even with Ginger, he took the best part of a leg of mutton and half a hatful of tea, and went out with it. He dodged round the back of the stables and came on the old boy riding along easy.

"I say," said Jack; and the other pulled up.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"I got this stuff from the cook," said Jack. "And three miles down the road, on the left, beyond the little box clump down the fence, there's good water and a good bite of grass."

"You're a fine young fellow, you are," said the old man. "It's a pity you are not a manager. Would you like a better job?"

"Rather; but good jobs are scarce."

"Not so scarce for good men," nodded the traveler. "Will you be here in a fortnight? I'm coming back, maybe, and I might hear of something."

"I shall be here," said the boy; "that is, if I don't get shot out."

"You stay," grunted the old man. And he ambled off slowly and awkwardly.

•

Two days afterward the junior partner of Davies, Davies & Curwin, of Melbourne, whose name was Grey, went into his senior partner's room with a long telegram.

"This is a queer start," he said.

"What?"

"A telegram from Mr. Gleeson," said Grey, "and a rum one at that."

"Read it."

And Grey read it out:

"Hunt up Simpson, of North Myall, and see if the station is in the market. If it is, close without delay and send the agreement to sell, etc., up to me at once. If not for sale, offer him anything at all in reason. Don't stop at ten thousand pounds above the market price. And find out if there is any agreement between him and his manager.—James Gleeson, Hay."

"He must be crazy," said Grey.

"Did you ever know him do anything that hadn't money in it?" asked Davies. "He's got something up his sleeve. You had better find Simpson yourself. He's sure to be at the club this time of day."

•

And Grey went off. He did not come back till four. But he was triumphant, for he had struck Simpson at the ripe time, and North Myall belonged to Jim Gleeson.

"You can get me a two-horse buggy to go up to North Myall in the morning," said a ragged old man, sitting in the bar of the Colonial, at Hay. "And let it be a good turnout," he chuckled amiably.

And next morning he started, while half Hay showed up to do honor to a millionaire who was not a bad kind of fellow anyhow.

On the fourth day, after a long drive through the gray plains dotted very sparsely with dwarf box and bourrée, he came to the south gate of North Myall.

"Mine," he said, as he clambered back into the seat. "Now, if I were a bloodthirsty sort of a chap, I would like Mr. Gregory to come along and find me killing one of my own sheep. It would do him good."

He went through a long plain of a paddock, ten miles square, and he met a man on horseback at the next gate.

•

"Which way are you traveling?" asked the cheerful old man.

"South," answered the man. "I've just got my discharge from Myall Blocks."

"Do you want a job?" asked the man in the buggy. "If you do, I'll hire you."

And five miles farther he met Jack, the boy who had given him a meal, coming along. The old chap pulled up.

"I thought I told you to wait a week or two before you left."

"I couldn't do it," said Jack, grinning. "That bully of a Gregory——"

"Never mind Gregory," said his friend; "sling your blankets in behind and jump up and drive me. I hire you right now."

And Jack climbed in.

"He's on a large and imperial firing scheme, is he?" asked Gleeson. "Well, maybe we'll be even with him yet."

And so they came up to Myall. Almost the first man they met was Gregory, who had just come in with his black horse foaming. He saw the boundary-rider first.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted. "You got your money. Off with you."

"You go to blazes!" said the man. And before Gregory caught his breath he saw Jack, and then his eyes lighted on the face of the ragged, sardonic old chap who had told him to be civil.

"You——," said Gregory; but before he could get any further Gleeson nudged Jack, who whipped up the horses and drove them at a gallop right down to the house. And Gleeson got out to find Gregory running after him. But Gleeson was on the steps first.

•

"I own this station, Mr. Gregory," he said. "I bought it last Wednesday. Make up your accounts and get your horse. I discharge you."

"You're mad," shouted Ginger, who had suddenly turned pallid. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jim Gleeson, that's who I am," said the old man. "And for once I'm very glad to be a millionaire. There's not much pleasure in it, but if I never get any other pleasure from it than this, it's worth it. Put up the horses, Jack, and come here again to look through Mr. Gregory's accounts. I can't read." For he knew how to savage a man himself, when he wanted to. And turning to the boundary-rider, he said:

"Just see that things go on as usual, my man. The new manager will be here to-morrow. And the next one shall be Jack, if he's any good."

But that last sentence was to himself.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Boss of Myall Blocks, is taken from Strong Men and True, a collection of short stories by Morley Roberts. Published by Downey & Co., London.

THE MODERN MVNCHAVSEN PAPERS

By WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

Paper No. III

THRILLING ENCOUNTERS WITH STORMS

"I SUPPOSE you gentlemen, in your travels round this earth, have seen some curious weather, first and last," said the storekeeper. "I have frequently wished to see a cyclone here; a selfish wish, I suppose, for I hardly think there is a property in town insured so much above its value as mine. I should like the excitement of a first-class blow. It must be inspiring. Were any of you ever in a big storm?"

"Yes," replied the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy; "and I will tell you about it. It was on the Banks of Newfoundland, in the Arethuse, that I saw about as dirty weather as I care to see. For several days on our voyage across the Atlantic a stiff north wind had been blowing, and, when we reached the Banks, we found that nearly all the fishing vessels had sailed for the shelter of the land.

•

"By this time the wind was howling at a pretty good rate, and masses of ugly looking clouds were foaming to the north, so I thought we had better get right along to a good harbor. But the Admiral wanted to stop and take soundings.

"I told the Admiral we had better defer the soundings, but he was obstinate, and put the ship's nose into the wind and let her lie with half-steam up. Every minute the wind grew harder. It didn't come up all of a sudden, but grew steadily worse until, before we realized it, great mountains of water were striking terrific blows upon our hull and crashing over our decks. Below decks, the engines were thumping away furiously to keep up our headway, for we couldn't turn around and run before the wind, as a moment in the trough of the sea would have settled us. On all sides great icebergs fled silently and swiftly past us, and every minute the waves grew bigger, the ship plunged more violently, and the snapping of bolts rang out like pistol shots.

•

"'Quick!' cried one of the scientists to the Admiral, 'throw oil on the waves, or we are lost.'

"'Good,' said the Admiral, and he ordered oil to be brought from below; but the messenger returned with pale face and reported that there was barely enough oil left on board to lubricate the overworked machinery a day more.

"'We are lost!' cried the Admiral, getting scared.

"'Not yet,' I shouted. 'Bring up all the fishing-lines and a lot of pork, and be quick about it.'

"I was obeyed, and despite the pitching of the vessel and the difficulty of standing, bushels of cod were hauled out of the raging sea and carried below to the laboratory of the scientists, who had been told what I wanted done. In fifteen minutes from that time we were riding easily on the immense but quiet swells, which had been stilled by the large quantities of cod-liver oil which we had thrown on them."

•

"It was in Jamaica, when I was there with my regiment on my first enlistment, that I see a curious sort of storm, quite a severe one, though not so severe as some I 'ave seen," said the ex-Sergeant of the Devonshire Blues.

"The year 1864 was the year that saw the formation of the great rum monopoly that bought up all the rum on the hisland and 'eld it for 'igher prices. If you are acquainted with the subject of rum, you know that men who 'ave formed a taste for that liquor won't drink nothin' else. Well, that there Jamaica rum monopoly knowed this fact, and also that Jamaica made two-thirds of the rum of the world, so they quietly bought up all the rum on the hisland.

"You couldn't buy rum all the fall of 1864. You couldn't beg it, you couldn't steal it, for a guard stood around the tank night and day. It was werry 'ard on us poor soldiers, this 'ere conduct of that 'enthen monopoly. It made us 'omesicker than ever, it did, and the only thing that kept us up during the fall months was our dear old Colonel tellin' us we'd 'ave a big time on Christmas day with plenty to eat and rum to drink.

•

"The cooks began to get things ready a week before Christmas. They don't 'ave geese down there, so we was to 'ave the big lizards they eat there, baked whole. A proper harticle of plum puddin' wasn't easy to make, so we was to 'ave pine apples, oranges, bananas and such fruit—things you consider werry nice 'ere, but what was so common with us we didn't care for 'em. But we was to 'ave plenty of rum-punch and egg-nog, so we was cheerful and 'appy as the day is long, until two days before Christmas, when we heard our Colonel couldn't buy a drop of rum from that blarsted monopoly.

"Fourteen men deserted that night and ran off on a sugar schooner bound for Baltimore. Our Sergeant-Major, who was a great 'and for makin' fine rum-punch, he was took so alarmin' with 'eart trouble that the Surgeon ordered 'im 'ome on the first steamer, and on Christmas eve there were few men left.

"Christmas mornin' broke cloudy and still. The sky was a dull dun color in the background, with a few fleecy, foamlike spots on it that reminded us poor fellows of a Christmas punch like the one we was to 'ave 'ad but wasn't goin' to 'ave.

•

"All at once, away off to the northeast there commenced a great disturbance in the sky, with a big rollin' around like a mighty 'and was stirrin' the punch. By-and-by it took the form of a long cloud, shaped just like a helephant's trunk, whirlin' through the other clouds, with the little end hangin' down 'alf way between the sky and earth.

"'It's huntin' for some water,' said our Colonel. 'If that little end strikes a river, it will suck it right up and travel on until it busts somewhere. But the rivers are all pretty dry now, and it won't do any harm.'

"But the Colonel 'adn't any more'n said this, when the cloud suddenly began to travel southward, straight toward the rum tank on the 'ill to the north of us. In a minute it 'overed over the 'ill, down darted the long trunk into the big tank, and there was those thousands of gallons of rum whirlin' up into the mass of clouds at the top of the trunk.

•

"'It will overwhelm us,' said the Colonel. 'Bring out the artillery, quick, for a cannon-shot will always break a spout.'

"All 'ands 'elped drag out the field pieces, and the whole battery was trained on the funnel-shaped cloud.

"Boom, went the first section, and on came the spout. Boom, went the second section, and still the spout whirled toward us. The spout was scarcely two hundred yards away, but the gunners of the third section sighted their pieces coolly. Boom, and down came that immense spout in a dry ravine, a fragrant brown torrent rushed forth, and in ten minutes every bucket, jug, pail and bottle in the garrison was full of rum, the hospital was empty, and the great rum monopoly of Jamaica was busted forever."

"DOWN CAME THAT IMMENSE SPOUT"

"I never was in any remarkable storms," said the book-agent, "but I remember one very pleasant event,—and a sad event it was, also,—that occurred as the direct result of an ordinary summer thunderstorm.

•

"Ten summers ago I was selling lightning-rods in New Hampshire. I drove a really brisk trade. No well-regulated house was considered safe or sightly unless it had a pair of lightning-rods gleaming on the roof. I had nickel, silver, and even gold-plated ones, and all the common ones were tinned.

"Along by the end of August I had sold all my rods except six gold-plated ones, and they were hard to work off. For three days I drove from house to house without making a sale. On the morning of the fourth day I said to myself that, if I did not sell 'em at the first house I came to, I would go back to New York at once. The first house I came to was the oldest one I had seen in the State. It was a big wooden one of a perfect weather-beaten hue all over, the roof sagged in, window sashes full of little panes, with the glass gone here and there where the Indians had shot 'em out in Colonial times, and the broken panes were still stuffed with the hats the old Colonials had stuck in there when the fighting was over. An old man—a feeble old man—came out when I rapped. I showed him the rods and made him a price I usually charged for the tin ones, though I wasn't losing anything by doing so.

•

"'Sure they're safe to have around when there's lightnin', be ye?' said he.

"'Safe! They're to protect you against lightning,' said I.

"'I wonder if I had better take 'em,' said he. 'I wish some one could advise me.'

"'Ask your wife,' said I.

"'I hain't got none,' said he.

"'Ask your father,' said I sarcastically, for I had got tired of fooling with him, seeing I had made so low a price on the rods.

"'My father has been paralyzed for sixty-one years to-morrer, and he can't speak a word—hasn't spoken since he was paralyzed.'

"'Great Scott!' said I. 'How old are you?'

"'Eighty years old last month.'

"'How old is your father?'

"'He's one hundred and one to-morrer. Wall, I'll take the six rods, I guess. They'll look pretty and Melissy'll like 'em, I guess.'

•

"'Who's Melissy?'

"'She's the girl I'm engaged to.'

"'Jerusalem! How long have you been engaged?'

"'Sixty years to-day, and this is how it was. I was twenty and Melissy was nineteen, the daughter of a widow. Pa was forty-nine and a widower, and I went to him and said, 'Pa, I want to marry Melissy Bromley.' 'I'm sorry to hear it,' he said. 'Your happiness is to be considered, but there's mine, too. I ain't long for this world. I want you to promise something. I hate to forbid your marriage, but as long as I live I want you to——' and jest then he was paralyzed.

"'What was it he wanted me to do? Not to marry while he lived? That's what it seemed like, and so long as I was in doubt I thought it best not to marry. Melissy lives with us now, her folks bein' dead. She tried to kill off pa three times feedin' him choke cherries in milk, and once givin' him dumplin's full of yeast that hadn't riz, but he's spared for some work and lived through.'

•

"Well, I put up the gold-plated rods as the old man directed, and then I wished to put out, as I saw a severe storm was gathering. But Levi and Melissy pressed me to stay. So I was ushered into the father's room, where he sat in an ancient chair in front of a chimney to which I had attached a rod on the roof above. By this time the storm had commenced.

"'We are safe from lightnin' now, father,' said Levi. 'The rods will keep it away.'

"Crash, the old house shook, a lambent flame played over the old man sitting in the chair before the chimney, and clearly and distinctly, though with a rusty quality like the turning of an ancient lock, came the words, 'Promise me that if you marry Melissy her ma sha'n't set foot on this farm. I don't want her pesterin' me to marry her. On that condition you can have my blessing and the farm too.'

"Melissy fell into Levi's arms. The old man fell lifeless from his chair.

"'We've been expectin' it a long time,' said Melissy. 'We're sorter resigned.'

"The funeral and the wedding took place the next day. I was Levi's best man. Melissy felt there was no time to waste, and, as long as the minister was there at the funeral, she said it wasn't right to bother him to come a second time for the wedding."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Five separate papers will appear in The Modern Munchausen series. The first to be published are:

I—The Toughness of the African Skull, ... November 12
II—Famous Kings We Have Met, ... November 26
III—Thrilling Encounters With Storms, ... December 10

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, Editor

• • •

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

December 10, 1898

• • •

$2.50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

• • •

Just a Word of Apology

IN JUNE of this year the POST had but 1200 subscribers; to-day it has 250,000. Its growth has been so rapid that it has been impossible for the presses to keep pace with it. Despite every possible preparation, there have been unavoidable delays. New subscribers have not received their copies of the POST on time. They have not understood why this has been so. The great presses upon which the POST is printed cannot be bought ready-made, like clothes. It takes four months to make one and put its 20,000 pieces in order. During the past few months, four separate new presses, in addition to those already running, have been ordered and made. But each successive press proved unequal to meet the increased demand, and even though run day and night there were not enough hours in the week to provide, with our facilities, the copies desired.

A fifth new press has just been installed, and a sixth just ordered. With increased force and facilities, readers may now rest assured that they will receive their POST promptly each week. The rapid increase in the number of subscribers has necessitated very large editions, which it has been mechanically impossible to supply on time. We trust our subscribers will accept our apology.

• • •

There is No Monopoly on Genius

GENIUS has ever been looked upon as abnormal, erratic, and beyond all ordinary humanity. It has been considered a marvelous power, with no more relation to ordinary man than a fairy. It is commonly spoken of as above all law, as even a law unto itself. Genius is not above law; it represents but perfect, unconscious obedience to law. The genius is simply the man in whom Nature has succeeded,—in some line. Genius is the incarnate revelation of Nature's perfect working in some special phase. We are the comets; the genius is the fixed star.

Education, in any line, is conscious training of mind or body to act unconsciously. When this obedience is perfect, instant and unconscious, it is genius in that line.

Genius, this "divine spark," as it is called, is but a simple evolution of aptness. The progressive stages in the evolution may be roughly designated as aptness, cleverness, talent, great talent, genius; each being but an evolution, a perfecting of the power preceding, each being but a more perfect and less conscious obedience to law.

•

The four-leaved clover may be looked at as the genius among clovers, but under the searching eye of the microscope every three-leaved clover reveals the germ, the rudiment of the fourth leaf, that needs but development. So it is in the mental world. There is no monopoly on genius. Genius is held by no syndicate or trust of specially favored men, singled out by their Creator for special divine favor, subject to special laws for themselves alone. Genius in any line is but wondrous development of elements present in all men; it is marvelous, developed, unconscious obedience to law that we may discover and apply for ourselves as the basis of all true education.

It is often claimed that genius is a marvelous power that instantly forces universal recognition. The history of all time proves this view to be false.

The world takes at least two generations of perspective to properly appreciate a genius. The world thinks slowly, and often requires decades of cerebration to reach and realize the thoughts of one of its boldest thinkers.

•

Men take the greatest mind in any sphere of mental effort in any age of the world, the supreme power at that time, and then coolly ask: "If genius be not a special gift, a wonderful divine spark, why have we no equal to this man?" It is simply because they select the greatest, and he cannot be surpassed in his line. If he were surpassed, he would no longer be greatest; the new light would be the genius, the old one merely talent. "Genius eclipsed or surpassed ceases to be genius." So, practically, says the world. Philip II, of Macedon, was a great military genius; Alexander, his son, surpassed him; then Alexander became the genius and Philip but a "great military leader and the father of Alexander the Great." So did Shakespeare dwarf all contemporaries.

The most common and specious argument that is brought in favor of what may be termed "the miracle conception" of genius, is that "so many of the mighty masters of the world came from parents who betrayed no evidence of the power." But it is not necessary, for instance, that the parents of an artist-genius should paint. A genius, like all other men, is the child not only of heredity, but also of environment. He may have received through heredity but a quick eye, and an appreciation of sunsets and the beauty of Nature's commonplace. This mere seed of ability placed in a new, warm, generating environment, through years of development, flowered into genius.

A French scientist recently made investigations as to the Hindu mango trick, in which a seed planted in the presence of the audience grew within the space of an hour to a tree a foot high. He found the fakirs always used a prepared earth, which he at length discovered was taken from ant hills. He found this earth was charged with formic acid, which had the power of bursting the seed integument and of wondrously quickening the growth of the germ within.

•

A quickening environment acts the same way in mental growth. An intense crucial moment in an individual life may focus and reveal characteristics hitherto unknown, unsuspected. The coward of a lifetime becomes the hero that leads armies. Accept the analogy, and this mystery of genius becomes the revelation of the process working in all life. The simple-hearted, sensitive gentleness, oneness of purpose, honesty and broad humanity that in Nancy Hanks remained obscure and unnoted, illuminated the whole world with the torch of freedom held in the hand of Abraham Lincoln, her son.

But genius, it is claimed, is "original." They say the word "original" in a large, liberal way, as if they had solved the question—"Genius is bold, original, soaring above all others, dependent on no others." But Shakespeare, the most original of all dramatists, was most dependent,—strengthening, vivifying and individualizing whole acts and plays of others. This question of originality is in reality a paradoxic one. If a man take from one source he is a copyist; if from two, he is less so; if from ten, the world begins to lose count of sources; if from a thousand sources, we bow the head and bend the knee and whisper, "Here is an original man."

Originality is but the result of an infinity of impressions that have percolated through an individuality, they changing it as it changes them. The distinguishing characteristic of genius is a wonderful sensitiveness of mind, a quickness to assimilate impressions from every source and permeate them thoroughly with his own individuality. Genius is ever most dependent; for him, the whole world is his garden, and his individuality the hive. Develop individuality and you develop originality; you then make the mind expand, and grow naturally. The schools and colleges of to-day, our modern knowledge-factories, pervert individuality into the petrified uniformity of pressed bricks.

Genius, say some, is but a capacity for hard work. This is not a whole truth; there must be work in accordance with law. The miner who digs for gold on the seashore will never find it, though he dig ever so laboriously; but if he study gold and the geologic strata in which it lives, he has begun to put himself into harmony with law. Mere work, unless properly directed, is like riding a hobby-horse,—there is energy and motion, but no progress.

•

There is a theory held by scientists that genius comes from disease. Disease, insanity, depravity and other failings often do occur as consequents due to over-concentration or misuse of powers, but they do not *create* genius any more than the vultures of the plains create the carcass upon which they feed. The genius, too, being of finer mental material, is more likely to show a flaw, as Dresden china reveals a mar not noticeable in a red-clay flower-pot. In support of the disease theory, the most insignificant, common-place ailments of ordinary humanity, when found in genius, are magnified and exaggerated. The weaknesses thus pointed out are, it is worth noting, usually shown in the part of mind or of body where the genius was not exercised.

Every power, mental, physical or moral, can be marvelously developed. We can coöperate with Nature in perfecting any of our possibilities by looking more closely into genius to see Nature's messages of hope, direction and revelation, and to feel that the law that produces Nature's masterpieces will be proportionately true with us if we obey it.

—THE EDITOR.

• • •

New Opportunities in Our Own Country

VICTORY in war has opened new opportunities to the energy and capital of the nation. In the magazines and newspapers, in books and pamphlets, we find thousands of columns of information and temptation.

Four crops a year, and mineral wealth that needs only the touch of American enterprise, are equaled only by the chances for modern improvements in the sleepy old cities. The trolley car may make its conquests and the department store may yield its millions. Where Nature has been so prodigal, it seems to follow that man may glory in any abundance he may desire. It is entirely logical, and, naturally, the thoughts of thousands turn to the new El Dorados.

•

But this is a pretty old world, and its reliable history runs back a great many years. In all its records we may have some difficulty in finding where a tropical or a semi-tropical region has produced a permanent prosperity or a desirable civilization. A look at the world now will not furnish us with the usual exception even to prove the universal rule.

It has been the rule of things upon this earth that, where the soil gives all, the tillers do not reach the highest purposes or the best developments. Mere plenty dulls incentive and dwarfs the individual. The cost of the climate is enormous. The keenest Yankee, tuned to perpetual motion in the acquirement of wealth and power, finds under the far Southern skies a lotus tree, and, if he escape its somnolent influences, his children are born to siestas.

It was very ably demonstrated in the war that the great thing was the man,—the individual; and that, indeed, is the whole demonstration of modern progress. Behind every achievement, every success, everything that is worthy and permanent is the man, and those who are considering changes of scene and effort may do well to ask themselves if they are acting wisely in seeking environments that may result disastrously to them, physically and mentally, whatever the financial returns might be.

The young man who aims high, works hard, lives temperately and cleanly, and uses his mind in his work, succeeds every time. For such a man to leave the certainties of the climate, which seems to produce the highest types of men, and risk the influences of the tropics, where only a few can withstand the enervating influences, is needless sacrifice. Of course, many will go to the new possessions, and there will be fine instances of success; but, as a general rule, it will be well to give attention to the vast opportunities near home. The United States has just begun to grow, and there is still room here for our young men.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

• • •

Success an Exact Science

MANKIND learns its lessons slowly. For centuries it sought a fabled stone, careless of the gold beneath its feet. And even now the vapors of the past rise and intoxicate at times, nor can all our hard-won common-sense fight them back. To-day men know that gold is worked out grain by grain, through toil and trouble, yet let some charlatan appear, masked in the mummeries of the Middle Ages, and they will forget, and follow him to a new fiasco that was old when Richard reigned. The honest miner, trudging with pick and pan through the foot-hills of Bonanzaland, is viewed with suspicion by the settlers, but for the gold-brick man there is a welcoming farmer waiting at the station.

•

With knowledge at their hand, with truth before them, men still are seeking to fathom a mystery which they themselves have woven, to learn a secret which lies bare before their eyes, to find a philosopher's stone with which to touch the commonplace and transmute it into fine gold. They have watched dull boys, who lagged behind in school, plod patiently along the dry, dusty road to the top, while they were still hunting a short and shady cut. Determination and effort,—it was not these alone which did it, they are sure, but the touch of that magic stone, Luck. They are like lads, who, because they have heard that two tow-boys rose, in after life, to be Presidents, believe that the path to fame must lie along the canal.

Yet there is no simpler, no plainer, no more exact science than success. Its rules are defined; the results are sure. To-day success has its literature, its journals, its teachers, but because they preach a clear, simple gospel, the mass of men will not believe. For, after all, it is not an easy gospel, and men are not quick to take up with a hard thing. "There is a short cut to wealth, an air-line to fame," they cry; "show that to us!" and when the exponents of the new science shake their heads, still less will they believe.

•

"I found the crown of France lying in the dust, and I picked it up on the point of my sword," a Napoleon cries. "Lucky fellow," they chorus back; "why can't we, too, find a crown in our path?" Yet they have neither a sword nor the skill to use one.

It is hard to learn what success really is; harder to believe that it has its source in copy-book virtues. A great fortune may mean a great failure; a book which sells a hundred thousand copies may represent wasted effort, or worse. Those for whom all that makes life worth living lies within the circumference of the dollar, those to whom Kipling's Recessional was a great poem simply because he could have exchanged it for a check, will not understand this, nor will they ever grasp the real meaning of success. They will fritter their time away in a vain search for their philosopher's stone, or in striking off counterfeits of success.

But for the man who understands that success is simply doing one thing well, the way is clear, the end sure. Blow by blow, through earth and rock, he will toil till a final stroke shall break through to the crumbling quarts and lay bare the yellow ore of realization. Success lies near for some, for others, deep; let who would find it dig.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

• • •

The Present Era of Mediocrity

THE dissemination of knowledge, and not the concentration of culture, appears to be the marked characteristic of our present stage of Democracy. And culture is very apt to depreciate it, even while Science and Literature go on widening the conditions.

If one takes the trouble to read the better writings of the sociologists, he cannot fail to see that they believe it is better to have the whole people lifted to a higher plane of intelligence than to have a few supereminent geniuses evolved here and there. Whether this is or is not the highest philanthropic view, the fact is incontestable that all the vital energies of this Republic are at work stimulating intelligence along lower levels, where a century ago it was beyond the reach of intellectual stimuli.

The immediate consequence of this is an amazing outburst of superficial but earnest faculties. Literature is congested with mediocrity, Art is almost stifled by amateurs, and the doors of the theatre are besieged by dramatic aspirants from every walk of life. Everybody reads, when he is not writing, and, although he may not read the best there is, it is something to see a nation eager to know what is going on and anxious to be going on with it. And that is the attitude of Americans to those foreigners who visit us. They are amazed at what may be called the anxious energy of our faculties and the indomitable determination of the masses themselves to break away from the limitations of the centuries in this new atmosphere of chances.

•

Some time ago Mr. Howells expressed a great deal of surprise at the meritorious quality of the fugitive poetry that was coming out of the West. He reproduced poem after poem from Ohio, Tennessee, and even Kansas, which was of such frank, manly and lofty imagination as to elicit his astonishment.

Fifty years ago any one of these poems would have been hailed as the announcement of a genius. But now poetry of this excellent degree is a common contribution. Really good imaginative work, tender, original and true, betokening an accurate insight and a trained art, is a drug in the market. The authors are not Miltons or Keats, but they may be Cowpers, and Whittiers, and Berangers.

It is an interesting question if it be not, after all, a greater national feat to bring the great mass of men and women up to this capacity, capable of singing sweetly and truly, than to wait long years for the arrival of a supereminent master. For surely the nation that is the happiest is that nation in which every other man can sing out of a full, or even a sad heart, and not the nation where men have to wait and listen dumbly.

—A. C. WHEELER.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN

ROMANCE OF THE SEACOAST

No. IV

By
RENÉ BACHE

With Drawings by Brill

OF ALL the mysteries that go to make up man's environment, perhaps the most impressive is that of the sea. From the earliest times it has been a source of countless superstitions, and there is no end to the monsters with which the fertile imagination has peopled its waters.

Nor is this surprising, inasmuch as the ocean, while covering three-fourths of the earth's surface, was to all intents and purposes unfathomable up to a few years ago. Even within the present century it has been conceived to be fifty or a hundred miles in depth, and no one could say that these guesses were not correct.

Means now exist, however, for reaching the uttermost abysses of the sea by the help of a plumb-line of piano wire, and for ascertaining the exact character of the deep-water fauna by the aid of a large dredge-net which is dragged over the bottom of the ocean.

•

Since the famous voyage of H. M. S. Challenger, with her corps of naturalists, which did so much toward revealing the long-hidden secrets of the sea, science has been continually engaged in exploring the floors of the oceans and in collecting specimens illustrating the animal life of the depths. Within the last fifty years the ocean floor all over the world has been pretty thoroughly mapped, and Nature has opened a new wonder-book.

It is now known that the normal depth of the sea is about three miles, though in certain places there are great valleys which sink five or six miles below the surface waves. Just above the deepest of these holes in the sea-floor the fleet of Admiral Sampson floated for several weeks, waiting for Cervera to come out of the bottle. The southern shore of that part of Cuba descends precipitately like a cliff to a depth that required a sounding-line fully six and a half miles long for its correct measurement.

•

Naturally, the most interesting of the oceans from our point of view is the Atlantic, about which so many remarkable things may be told that it is hard to know where to begin. Perhaps the best place to start from is the beach.

One naturally considers the eastern edge of the North American continent as marked by the line of the breakers, but such a notion is very far from being correct. The true edge is far to the eastward, and, once upon a time, it was the beach-line. Then the present site of the city of Philadelphia was seventy miles farther inland than it is to-day. But the eastern edge of the continental land-mass has been steadily sinking for thousands of years, so that it is now overflowed to a considerable extent by the waters of the Atlantic.

Geologists are agreed that, at no very great distance of time, New York, Boston, and all of the great and prosperous cities along the seaboard will be under water. Each year the shore-line is farther west by an average distance of a rod, and each century the ocean gains on the land one-third of a mile.

•

Put on a diving-suit, if you feel so disposed, and let us start out on a tour of exploration along the floor of the Atlantic. It will be as well to begin the trip at Atlantic City, for the sake of convenience. Certain improvements in the way of appliances for furnishing fresh air and light will be required, for the journey will not be brief, and the greater part of it must be made through a region of eternal night. Straight to the eastward is the route which has been selected, beneath a long stretch of shallow but gradually deepening water.

The way is faintly illuminated, and there is nothing very remarkable or unfamiliar to be observed. There are stretches of sandy bottom, and other stretches of mud. Plant life, in the form of seaweeds of great variety, is abundant, forests of them now and then obstructing progress. But seven-league boots are a part of the exploring apparatus, and it does not take long to reach the edge of the continent, seventy miles out. Here is a sudden change in the conditions of travel: the bottom slopes into the depths of the ocean, and the declivity is steep enough to offer difficulties.

•

It is like descending the side of a mountain, for within a comparatively short distance you make your way from a depth of one hundred fathoms or so to one of nearly three miles.

Oddly enough, it is noticed that the multitudinous animals here,—crustaceans, fishes, etc.,—are of tropical species mostly; but this is explained by the fact that this portion of the slope is bathed by the warm current of the Gulf Stream, which flows by on its way from the sunny South. The forms have followed this oceanic river northward, taking advantage of the mild, aqueous climate it creates.

The most interesting inhabitant of the tropical belt of water that bathes the eastern declivity of the continent is the tile fish. The story of the discovery and subsequent extinction of this species, as it appeared at the time, reads like a veritable romance.

In the year 1878 a fishing schooner was trying for hake with trawls in new waters, one hundred miles south of Nantucket Island. A trawl is a line a mile or more in length, with hooks attached at intervals, and held in position by sinkers and floats. On hauling in the trawls, instead of hake or cod, large numbers of queer-looking fishes, the like of which had never been seen before, were found on the hooks. They weighed from five to fifty pounds, and were brilliantly colored, with greenish-yellow spots and bright metallic scales. Some of them were carried to Gloucester, and people who ate them declared them very fine.

The discovery of this new edible fish was regarded by the United States Fish Commission as an affair of great importance, and preparations were made to investigate the matter. But, just as an expedition was set on foot for the purpose, a catastrophe occurred. In March and April, 1882, vessels arriving at New York and Philadelphia reported that the surface of the ocean over a vast space was covered with dead and dying fishes of an unfamiliar kind.

•

Accumulated testimony showed that not less than 7500 square miles of sea must have been profusely dotted with them. The scientists reckoned that, at the lowest calculation, the number of dead fishes must have been one thousand millions. Smoked or otherwise cured, they would have fed the entire population of this country for more than a month. The species thus wiped out by wholesale was the tile fish, and various theories were formed and discussed in order to account for the cataclysm.

The question remains unsettled to this day. At all events, no more of the fishes were caught, and it was believed that the species had been wholly exterminated by some mysterious agency—possibly a submarine volcanic eruption. Recently, however, and greatly to the delight of the Fish Commission, specimens have been taken in the same waters, and there is evidence that the tile fish will soon become so plentiful again as to be an available addition to the market supply.

•

It would be pleasant to linger in the gardens of the sea where the tile fishes dwell, but the purpose of the trip forbids delay, and you leave them behind to descend farther into the depths, arriving at length at the ocean floor. Of course, the powerful electric lantern which you carry was lighted long ago, for no ray of the sun ever penetrates beyond a hundred fathoms.

It is a dismal region, this nethermost domain of Father Neptune—an arid desert, incomparably more desolate than any waste of dry land. Over all of the interminable plain, which stretches in every direction, there is not so much as a single plant or sprout. Beds of sea lilies there are, which curiously imitate plants, though in reality animals; but the vegetable kingdom is wholly unrepresented in this submarine "landscape."

•

The cold is intense,—about forty degrees Fahrenheit,—and the pressure is so tremendous, amounting to over two tons to the square inch, that you would be crushed like an eggshell in the embrace of the inky waters, were it not that you are protected by an armor expressly designed for the purpose.

Everywhere is absolute blackness, save for the illumination given by your lantern and the strange lights carried by the fishes and other animals. Athwart the space made bright and visible by the glow of the lantern are seen to move strange and monstrous forms—the bodies of creatures as yet unfamiliar to science, because too big to be brought up in the dredge-net. As well expect to capture elephants and tigers by dropping a small net in the dark from a balloon and dragging it along the surface of the earth.

It is known that there are sharks sixty feet long at the bottom of the ocean, because now and then a specimen has come to the surface. They are black, and probably very much more ferocious than the worst of the man-eating kinds familiar in the tropics. Some of the abyssal sharks take on forms like those of eels, being enormously long for their thickness. But all of the fishes of the ocean depths are carnivorous and predatory, feeding to a great extent upon each other.

•

As you walk along over the sea-floor there approaches you a gigantic fellow with enormous goggling eyes, opening a cavernous mouth to take you in. He is attracted by the light you carry, and has no fear of you.

Indescribably weird and horrible are these monsters of the marine abysses, all eyes and jaws apparently. In some cases their jaws are actually seven or eight times as long as their heads. One species with which science has become acquainted is able to gobble other fishes ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim with one jaw after the other. Then there is the black swallower, which lies buried in the mud at the bottom, only its mouth protruding, ready to engulf any prey that comes along.

Pick up a handful of the ooze over which you are walking, into which your feet sink to the ankles, so as to make progress far from easy. You find that it is a sort of slimy stuff, composed partly of very fine sand or

---

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the fourth of the POST'S series on the Romance of the Seacoast.

I—The Life-Savers Along the Coast,	October 22
II—The Lights Along the Shore,	November 5
III—The Romance of Modern Smuggling,	November 26
IV—On the Floor of the Ocean,	December 10

mud, and partly of shelly material and the decaying substance of what was once the bodies of extremely minute animals.

Most of these animals are of a kind familiar enough, inasmuch as they swarm, while alive, in countless millions at and near the surface of the sea. Foraminifera, the scientists call these tiny creatures, which are mere bits of jelly-like matter inclosed within limy shells, through holes in which they extend many tiny arms. Under the microscope their shells exhibit many curious and beautiful forms. Their term of existence is brief, and, when they die, they fall to the bottom of the ocean. Thus a continual rain of them is always falling, their decomposing bodies spreading over the ocean floor a layer of easily digested food, which furnishes sustenance to the lower forms of life at the bottom.

The rivers that run down to the sea carry with them vast quantities of detritus, which is mostly deposited along the coast, and this it is that, by its steady accumulation, is weighing down the eastern edge of the continent and causing its gradual submergence.

•

The hard fragments of quartz, which withstand the action of the water longest, form the beaches. But the finer particles remain suspended in the water, and are carried far out into the ocean, to be laid down finally upon its floor. This is the stuff that makes up the ooze, together with the shelly remains of the foraminifera and certain other tiny animals, such as the small carnivorous mollusks called pteropods, which spend their lifetime near the surface of the sea.

When the scientists secured the first samples of the ooze by dredging, they thought that it represented the primary form of organic life, out of which all conscious creation had been evolved. This theory, indorsed by Professor Huxley, has been exploded.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing to be observed in the ocean depths is the provision made by Nature for illumination, in the total absence of daylight. The fishes generally are furnished with phosphorescent organs which serve as torches.

•

One species carries what looks much like an electric bulb, and serves a like purpose, on the extended tip of the front spine of its back fin. In other cases there are gleaming plates on the head, and in others yet are rows of shining spots along the sides.

There is a certain deep-sea fish, well known to science, which has an elaborate nervous system connected with a series of such spots, so that it is able to turn its lights on or off at will, as is supposed. The bodies of many of these abyssal fishes are covered with a phosphorescent slime, and this is true of certain sharks of the depths.

Put out your lantern just a moment, with a view to better observation, and you will see a marvelous spectacle. Amid a forest of "alcyonarians" and other animals counterfeiting plants, themselves faintly luminous, there moves a continual torchlight procession. Each fish,—though maybe not every one,—carries one or more brilliant flambeaux.

•

There is no telling what huge and fearful creatures inhabit this strange realm, and it is not likely that most of them will ever be known to science. It has been surmised that down there may still lurk some of the huge and wondrous reptiles of ages gone by. In the comparatively shallow waters of the Gulf of California, not many years ago, the Captain of H. M. S. Fly saw lying on the bottom a great creature that looked like a serpent threaded through the body of a turtle with mighty flippers. According to his description, it seemed to correspond in all important respects with the great sea lizard called Plesiosaurus, long supposed to be extinct.

Not all of the fishes of the depths have great eyes; some of them are totally blind, but are provided with elongated appendages which serve them as feelers. Quite a number of species have become known to science through being found dead or dying on the surface of the sea, and the manner in which this chanced to come about was very curious.

Occasionally it happens that an abyssal fish imprudently ventures into ocean levels too high for its safety, where the pressure of the water is less than that to which it is accustomed, and the result is that it falls upward, so to speak, and shooting up to the top of the sea, where it arrives in a much disorganized condition, with its swimming bladder sticking out of its mouth, perhaps, and having somewhat the appearance of being boiled.

The fishes of the depths, generally speaking, have pulpy bodies and soft bones, so that their tissues are penetrated by the water in which they live, and thus they do not feel the tremendous pressure. Occasionally, when such accidents happen to them, they actually burst on arriving at the surface. The same phenomena are observed in the case of deep-sea animals brought up by the dredge.

•

By this time probably you have arrived in a neighborhood not far from 900 miles due east of Charleston. Here you find in your path several enormous mountains, which extend upward to and above the surface of the sea. In fact, the tops of these mountains are the islands which we call the Bermudas. Other great hills you will discover in the course of your journey over the ocean floor, which do not uplift their peaks high enough to emerge out of the waves; accordingly, they do not make islands, but are merely drowned mountains. The group of islands called the Bahamas are the tops of mountains which rise out of the ocean depths.

Extend the trip southward to Porto Rico, and close to the north side of that island you will find a sea-hole over five miles deep. Barring the marine valley off Santiago already described, this is the deepest place in the Atlantic.

All around the great basin of the North Atlantic there runs a great encircling current or oceanic stream. This forms a sort of eddy not far to the southwest of the Azores, where there is comparatively little movement of the water. Consequently, marine plants of a certain kind grow there and propagate on the surface, being kept afloat by air-filled bulbs developed for that purpose.

An encounter between the giant squid and a sperm whale

This sort of weed is known as "sargassum," and it forms immense accumulations that give to extensive areas of surface the appearance of a drowned meadow. Unquestionably, the weed was originally a shallow-water plant, with ordinary roots, but it has acquired its independent mode of living through its adaptation to circumstances.

•

In the midst of the drowned meadow live many very curious creatures, such as are not found anywhere else in the world. Among these are nest-building fishes, with armlike fore-fins, by which they cling to the weed, making their nests by binding together globular masses of it as big as Dutch cheeses. This they accomplish by means of long, gelatinous strings, which they form for the purpose, finally depositing their eggs in the centre of the sphere thus composed. Shrimps and crabs swarm in the weed, and they, as well as the fishes, are colored yellow and white in spots, very like the weed itself, for protective purposes.

There are transparent cuttlefish, transparent shrimps, and transparent worms. One can see through them as easily as if they were made of glass. Giant jellyfishes,—great sacs four feet long, with walls of transparent jelly an inch thick,—dwell in the weed, and so phosphorescent are they that at night one can write his name on one of them and it will presently come out in letters of fire.

On the bottom of the ocean, beneath this vast field of weed filled with animals, living and dying, an immense deposit of animal and vegetable remains must be gradually forming. Should that part of the floor of the sea be upheaved at some future time by volcanic action, it would furnish manure sufficient to fertilize the farms of the world. Many "derelicts,"—that is, deserted and waterlogged vessels,—find their way into this so-called Sargasso Sea, where they float about for a long time, and finally break up or sink.

•

The most interesting of these plants are the diatoms, which have flinty shells of such curious and elaborate patterns as to render them among the most interesting of objects studied under the microscope. On these small plants feed the protozoa, such as the foraminifera, which furnish never-ending dinners to other animals of higher forms.

Science is now inclined to believe that there is truth in the stories of the sea-serpent—at all events, that some yarns of the kind are founded upon the actual appearance of certain deep-sea monsters as yet unknown. Until recently, it was believed that the giant squid, or calamary, was purely imaginary; but there is no longer any doubt that such a creature exists, inasmuch as specimens have been killed and found dead within recent years.

Now and then a sea serpent has come to the surface

In the National Museum in Washington there is a papier-maché cast, or model, of a giant squid forty-five feet long, with greenish eyes as large as big dinner-plates. This species, which is a mollusk nearly related to the small cuttlefishes, inhabits the depths of the sea, so specimens are seldom seen.

•

Stories are told of attacks made upon men in boats by monstrous squids, and some of these accounts seem to be well authenticated. The animal is most frequently encountered by fishermen in the Indian Ocean, where the humble toiler of the sea must be prepared at any time to see a frightful creature, with enormous goggling eyes, rise out of the depths, and fling across his little craft a gigantic tentacle, armed with scores of suckers so powerful that nothing short of horse-power can pull them off of an object to which they have once been fastened. Each of these suckers is a receiver, from which the air is exhausted by the animal as it takes hold.

For such an adventure the fisherman has always at hand a keen knife, with which to slash off the tentacle before it has dragged him overboard in its embrace. He must work quickly, for the monster has another great tentacle to help him in the attack, and it is hardly an even fight between one or two men and a beast with an arm reach of one hundred feet.

The giant squid, when full-grown, weighs 10,000 pounds. Its body is fifty feet long, and its two great tentacles are each one hundred feet in length. In addition to these mighty arms, it has eight smaller tentacles. Thus it is by far the largest living creature in the world, and not the biggest reptile or other brute of by-gone geological epochs seems to have rivaled it in size.

•

Once captured and held fast by the horrible sucking tentacles, the fisherman is drawn into the close embrace of the creature's eight short arms, which are likewise equipped with suckers, and the frightful animal gradually sinks with its captive into the depths, where it tears him to pieces with its powerful parrot-like beak.

There is a very well authenticated story of an attack made by a giant squid on a sperm whale, the encounter being witnessed from the deck of a British vessel. The fight, as might be imagined, was tremendous, but the huge mollusk wrapped its mighty arms around and around the cetacean, finally dragging it down beneath the surface of the water.

As for the sea-serpent, if there is such an animal, a specimen will be taken alive or dead sooner or later. Then definite facts will be known—as, for example, what the creature feeds on, and whether it is venomous or not. The character of its food will be indicated by its teeth.

Professor Alexander Agassiz, of Harvard, one of the greatest living naturalists, believes that there is a sea-serpent—more accurately speaking, that there are animals corresponding more or less to the descriptions so frequently given.

The Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Milwaukee, was fishing in New River Inlet not long ago, when the flukes of his boat-anchor got entangled in something, and he pulled to the surface a snakelike animal forty-two feet long, with two small flippers, but lacking both head and tail. He dragged it up on shore, but, most unfortunately, a severe hurricane came up and the body of the creature was carried off the beach by the waves.

In the mesozoic epoch there were real sea-serpents, the skeletons of many of which have been found in the rocks. Some of these were as much as eighty feet long. One species, called Liodon, resembled an eel in form, with four paddles and a propeller-like tail. Its head was large and flat, and its long muzzle was probably used as a ram in fighting. It swallowed its prey whole, its jaws being so arranged that it was able to take in animals much greater in girth than itself.

Ten species of these ancient sea-serpents are known to have inhabited the United States. The remains of 1400 specimens are now in the Peabody Museum in New Haven.

•

The surface layer of the ocean swarms with life, often packed so closely that the bulk of animals is greater, actually, than that of water. On calm days the animals are found at the surface, giving color to great patches of sea, but at the least ripple they sink a few fathoms, out of reach of disturbance by the waves. They are mostly pale bluish, and translucent. At night they are brilliantly phosphorescent, emitting golden, greenish or silvery light. Then the jellyfishes appear as luminous balls, the Portuguese men-o'-war resembling fire-balloons. Meanwhile, the weather being still, each of the countless myriads of vegetable organisms, though only a single cell, contributes a tiny lamp to the illumination of the ocean.

In the surface life crustaceans are most conspicuous—the great majority of them shrimplike creatures, microscopic, or nearly so. Sometimes ships sail for days through a sort of animal mush, composed largely of swarms of foraminifera. A single gauze netful gathered on a still night at the surface of the sea has been found to contain 80,000 crustaceans, 70,000 mollusks and other animals, and approximately 5,000,000 organisms of various sorts besides.

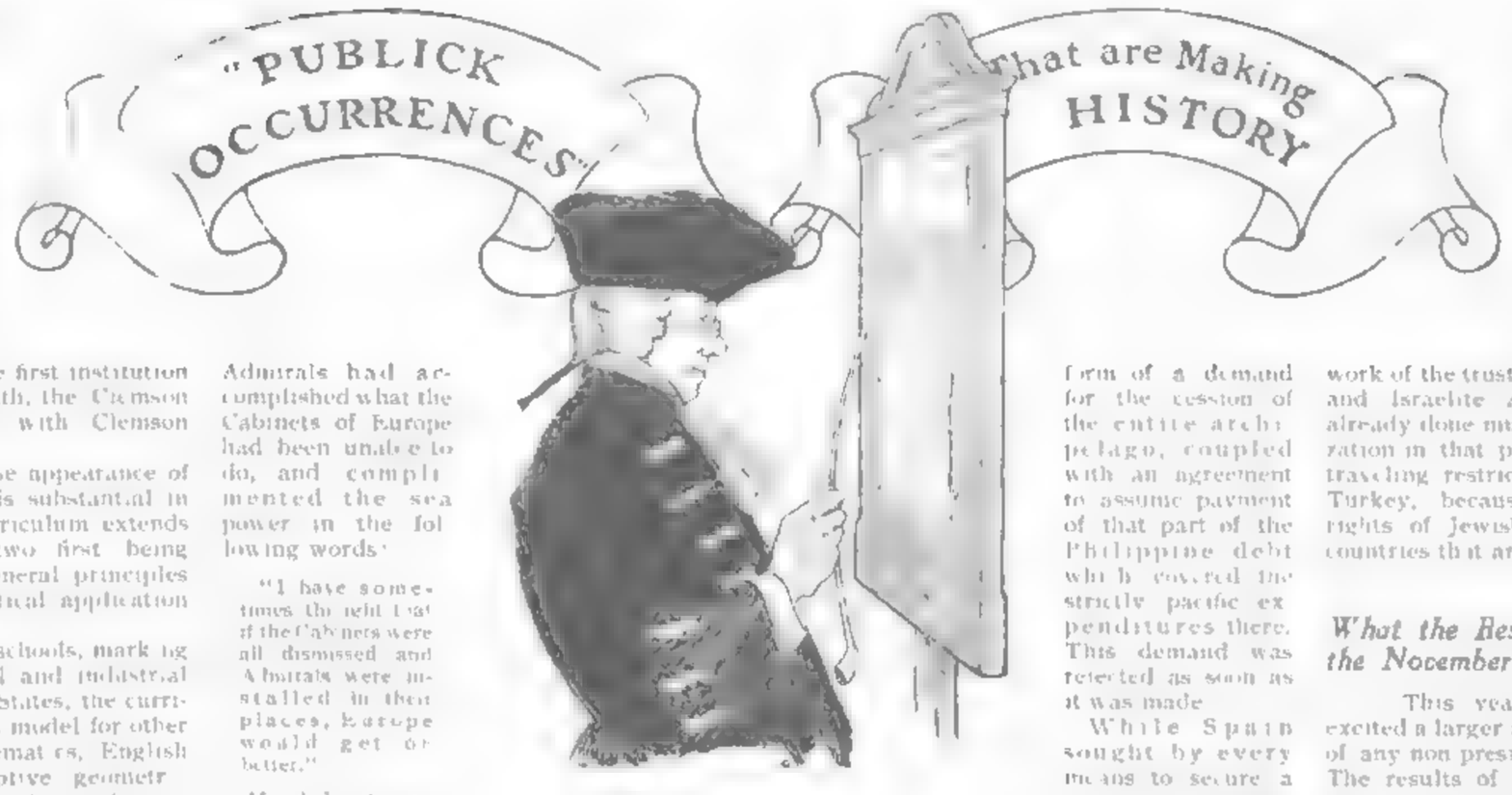
The ocean is enormously rich in food, so that the number of animals it will support is almost unlimited. It has been said that a coral reef is far more prodigal in forms of life than any tropical jungle. Of all parts of the sea, the surf-line is the best provisioned.

•

The surf itself is a rich soup, filled with débris of animals and plants torn up by the turmoil of the waves. The animals that live in the surf are modified for dwelling comfortably, like the corals, in the midst of its roar and rush. There they find safety and plenty to eat, some burrowing in the sand, while others, like the barnacles, attach themselves to rocks.

Large numbers of queer-looking fishes, the like of which had never been seen before

Walk on any beach at night, at the edge of the surf, with a lighted lantern, and you will find hosts of small crustaceans hopping about on the sand. By spreading a sheet on the sand, and using the light to help as an attraction, you can drive the little fellows upon the sheet, and, gathering them up in it, collect half a bucket of most excellent fish-bait in a few minutes. The crustaceans in question are very useful. In the nighttime they come out of their holes and clean up the shore, devouring every bit of animal and vegetable matter they can find, that would otherwise remain on the beach and decay.



FIRST Textile School in the South

A few months ago the POST called attention to plans for promoting textile education in the South, suggested by the rapid installation of large manufacturing plants in sections previously devoted to cotton and the agricultural industry. It now reports the completion of the first institution of this character in the South, the Clemson Textile School, connected with Clemson College, South Carolina

The building has much the appearance of a modern cotton mill, and is substantial in all its essentials. The curriculum extends through four years, the two first being devoted to the study of general principles and the two last to the practical application of those principles

As this is the first of these schools, marking a new era in the educational and industrial conditions of our Southern States, the curriculum is here appended as a model for other similar institutions: Mathematics, English history, agriculture, descriptive geometry, chemistry, natural philosophy, physics, textile engineering, military science, woodworking, mechanical and free hand drawing, forge work, drilling, foundry work machine shop practice, designing, and experimental work in the chemical laboratory

Jamaica Rejects the Plan of a West Indian Union

Jamaica, the largest of the British West India islands, has reached a state of economic difficulties that has led an influential body of its people to urge annexation to the United States as the speediest solution of the trouble. A more conservative element believes that a level reciprocity with this country would avert further mischief

The immediate disturbing cause is the prolonged agricultural depression, and the enforcement of a new tobacco and excise law despite popular protests and memorials to the home Government. As results, many well-to-do colonists are leaving the island, most of the tobacco growers have given up business, and many of the principal factories are closing

As the best remedial measures the local Government has appointed an inquiry commission, and the home Government has undertaken the confederation of the various West Indian colonies; but the Jamaica agriculturists have positively declined to take any part whatever in a formative conference.

Archbishop of Canterbury's Decided Stand on the Bible

Religious precisionists have received quite a shock by the public declaration of the learned Doctor Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, that he had no doubt there were inaccuracies in the Old Testament narratives, "though the writers told the truth as far as they knew it."

On being asked if the Archbishop had really made the statement, his chaplain replied that His Grace had been correctly reported, that he was sincere in his opinion, and that he referred those who differed with him to II Samuel xxiv: 13, and to I Chronicles xxi: 12, as examples

In these two narratives of the Divine message given to the Prophet Gad for delivery unto David, the first speaks of the famine as being of seven years' duration and the second as of three years. Both agree on the length of the flight and the pestilence

Japan's First Non-Partisan Ministry

The new Ministry of Japan differs from former ones in that it contains no member who is connected with any of the political parties. It succeeds the first partisan Ministry in the history of the Empire, which held office only four months, and then went out on a question of purely local and minor importance

Heading the new Cabinet is the Mikado's favorite field marshal and the organizer of Japan's victorious Army, the Marquis Yamagata Aritono, who takes the offices of President of the Council and Premier. The second member in importance is Viscount Aoki, who was formerly Ambassador to Germany, but now holds the portfolio of foreign affairs. The Army and Navy are represented by a Lieutenant-General and an Admiral in the war and marine offices

Lord Salisbury's View of Current International Affairs

The annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London has come to be looked upon as the occasion for a declaration of the British view of current political affairs by a high representative of the Government. This year Lord Salisbury touched a number of international concerns in terms more pointed than usual. Alluding to the settlement of the Cretan question, he declared that the foreign Admirals had accomplished what the Cabinets of Europe had been unable to do, and complimented the sea power in the following words:

> "I have sometimes thought that if the Cabinets were all dismissed and Admirals were installed in their places, Europe would get on better."

He did not entertain any great hope that legislation would abate anarchism, "this horrible monstrous affliction of humanity," and was most impressed by the fact that "the subject matter of war is terribly prevalent on all sides." "The great judgment and commonsense of France" in relinquishing Fashoda "have relieved Europe of a very dangerous and threatening storm."

Concerning the position in Egypt of Great Britain, that had been altered by the complete success of General Kitchener's expedition, he expressed his entire satisfaction with the existing state of affairs, which certainly negatived the idea of a contemplated English protectorate over Egypt

China and Japan Exchanging Civilities

Just before the deposition of the Emperor of China he was charged with having connived secretly with the Marquis Ito, then Premier of Japan, for the establishment of an alliance between the two Empires. The announcement created an intense feeling against the Emperor, and had much to do with his downfall

In less than two months, and despite the retroactive policy of the Empress Dowager, the sentiment of the Foreign Office and the high palace officials toward their conquerors underwent such a change as to permit both the Emperor and the Empress Dowager to extend the exceptional honor of a personal audience to the Japanese Minister at Peking

The incident had an additional significance in the acceptance by the Emperor and Empress Dowager of costly decorations conferred on them by their "great and good cousin," the Mikado. An alliance between China and Japan would be productive of much benefit to both, providing Western Powers would leave these countries alone

A Russian Sect Seeking Freedom in America

An American committee of influential and experienced men and women has been formed to cooperate with the distinguished humanitarian and author, Count Lyoff Tolstoi, in removing from Russia the sect of Dhoukhebortsi, in whose behalf the Count has labored for many years

The members of this sect resemble the Quakers of our own country in that they are opposed to war and military service, and because of their religious belief they have undergone much physical and mental suffering through being forced to obey the laws of their land

After most patient labor Count Tolstoi succeeded in securing the permission of the Czar for the sect to leave Russia, providing they did so within two years, and he is now arranging to colonize them in England, Canada and the United States, where they may enjoy religious freedom

The Final Struggle for the Philippine Islands

It was generally supposed that the protocol, between the United States and Spain, had settled all the issues of the war excepting the selection of one of the Ladrone Islands for an American coaling station, the determination of the future of the Philippines, and the drafting of a treaty of peace.

Despite the assurances from the outset, however, that the United States would not assume the payment of all or any part of the enormous Cuban debt, the Spanish Peace Commissioners made a long and strong fight against the American attitude, but ultimately agreed to accept the Cuban article of the protocol unconditionally

This left the Peace Commission free to decide on the Ladrone Island of Guam for cession, and to enter on its main work concerning the Philippines. The Americans presented a basis for this discussion in the form of a demand for the cession of the entire archipelago, coupled with an agreement to assume payment of that part of the Philippine debt which covered the strictly pacific expenditures there. This demand was rejected as soon as it was made

While Spain sought by every means to secure a money compensation for the possessions demanded by the United States, it was noted, particularly in Europe that the United States had uttered not a word concerning the customary indemnity for its war expenses, nor for the destruction of the battle-ship Maine

American Leniency in Making Terms With Spain

Up to November 1 the expenditures of the United States occasioned by the war with Spain reached the sum of $164,932 228, and the Government at that date was still under heavy, although considerably reduced, expense. This sum, together with such an additional one as may be incurred up to the signing of peace, constitutes a proper indemnity charge against Spain

In all the negotiations for peace the United States has asked no compensation for this expenditure. Should Porto Rico and the Philippines be considered in the light of indemnity, it is evident that it will take many years for these possessions to yield a sum equal to our war expenditures to say nothing of the heavy cost of reestablishing order on those islands. Certainly the United States cannot rightfully be charged with lack of leniency toward a conquered adversary.

Official Britain on the New United States

No part of Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet was received with as much enthusiasm as his reference to the entrance of the United States into the political relations of Europe. He characterized the present era as a great epoch in the history of man, marked by unhappy omens.

He did not blame the United States for taking its new position, nor would he refuse it sympathy in the difficulties of its future. No one, he held, could deny that its appearance among factors Asiatic, at all events, and possibly in European diplomacy, was a grave and serious event.

This was the first year in which "the mighty force of the American Republic has been introduced among nations whose dominions are expanding and whose instruments to a certain extent are war." It was an event "which may not conduce to the interests of peace, though I cannot but think that in any event it is likely to conduce to the interests of Great Britain."

The Policy Outlined by the New French Ministry

Charles Dupuy, the new Premier of France, in outlining the policy of his ministry, virtually echoed the declarations of Brisson on the eve of the defeat of his Cabinet. He reaffirmed the supremacy of the civil power as the fundamental principle of a Republican State, and expressed his confidence that the Army would faithfully respect the laws of the Republic.

Concerning the Dreyfus case, he declared it necessary that calmness attend the work of justice, and a duty to insure the execution of its decisions, whatever they may be. His foreign policy was expressed more vaguely It would be inspired by the clear interests of the country, and care would be taken to render official efforts "proportionate only to the value of the object at stake."

Preventing the Jews from Returning to Jerusalem

The repatriation of the Jews in Palestine has just received a check from the Turkish authorities that is likely to plunge the Sultan into more trouble with the Great Powers on the ground of violating treaty rights. Orders have been issued from Constantinople that hereafter no real estate in Palestine shall pass into the hands of Jews, even if they are Turkish subjects, and that no Jews may pass from Jaffa to Jerusalem or other places in Palestine unless a non Jewish resident of Jaffa guarantees that the visitors will leave Palestine again within thirty days. While these orders are aimed directly at the Zionist movement to create a Jewish nation, with the city of Jerusalem for its centre, they will seriously interfere with the work of the trustees of the Rothschild, Hirsch and Israelite Alliance Funds, who have already done much to promote Jewish colonization in that part of the Holy Land The traveling restriction is the most serious for Turkey, because it directly violates the rights of Jewish subjects of all Christian countries that are guaranteed by treaties.

What the Results of the November Elections Show

This year the November elections excited a larger and wider interest than those of any non presidential year in a long time The results of the popular verdict on the various policies of President McKinley's administration, the tariff, the currency question, territorial expansion, and the conduct of the war, were awaited with keen concern

In many States there were notable local surprises, especially in the political composition of new Legislatures. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's success in New York elicited widespread and hearty congratulations for the distinguished Rough Rider.

What is of greater moment to the country than local surprises and victories is the composition of the next Congress in relation to the financial concerns of the Government A radical change in Congress was thought possible; but a revision of election returns indicated that the Republicans would retain a fair working majority in the Senate and a slight balance of power in the House

Miss Shaw's Charge of Klondike Mismanagement

Last summer Miss Flora Shaw, the colonial editor of the London Times, visited the Klondike mining region, and afterward in a number of letters from Dawson City to the Times, charged the Dominion Government with having enacted bad laws for the administration of the district, and of appointing corrupt men to enforce them

The charges created excitement in London and throughout Canada. Major Walsh, the administrator of the region for the past year, pronounced them false, and reported that he had made a public call for accusations of official corruption and had not received a single response

In October, William Ogilvie, the explorer, surveyor, and new Commissioner of the Yukon, was empowered to institute a rigid inquiry under oath into the general and vague accusations publicly made by Miss Shaw. It is to be hoped that this inquiry will result in a complete clearing up of the charges against the local administration preferred not only by Miss Shaw herself, but by Canadian and American miners as well

A New Field for Intercollegiate Honors

During the last fifteen years the rivalry between large colleges in the matters of foot ball, base ball, track athletics and rowing has become so great a part of college life that old fashioned people are wondering where the intellectual education comes in.

It will interest many people, who are still unwilling to be laid on the shelf as relics of a worn out system of education, to be informed that a movement is gathering strength and favor to organize debating leagues in American colleges and universities, with the view of inspiring intercollegiate contests on a purely intellectual basis.

Debating societies have done much to develop American eloquence and oratory, and made many a popular speaker. Let all of our colleges adopt them, if for no other purpose than to refute the insinuation that college students are being physically overtrained and mentally underfed.

Decision Against Peru in the Matter of the McCord Claim

Chief Justice Samuel Henry Strong, of Canada, acting as sole arbitrator of the claim of Victor H McCord, the United States consular agent at Arequipa, in 1885, against the Government of Peru, has awarded the claimant $40,000 as damages sustained by reason of his imprisonment during a revolutionary outbreak

The payment of the award will close a matter of diplomatic controversy between the United States and Peru that has been in progress for more than ten years. In this case the claimant was not only imprisoned, but had his life threatened in an effort to extort money with which to aid the revolution Claim for damages was based on the unwillingness or the inability of the Government to afford him adequate protection

THE MAN WHO MADE MEXICO

General Porfirio Diaz —His Home and Characteristics

By FREDERICK R. CUERNSEY

With Illustrations From Recent Photographs

FROM A LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ

A GREAT statesman who works sixteen hours a day who attends to the minute details of the business of governing 15,000,000 people whose head is always clear, and whose energy is as inexhaustible as if fed by the dynamos at Niagara, should sleep well. That is a matter which General Porfirio Diaz does not neglect

He is an early riser, and he is in bed by ten o'clock, except when he attends some evening function. He is fond of the theatre and but rarely goes. He has a liking for pleasant company, and, among his intimates, he is one of the most charming of men, but he is rarely seen in society. He is too busy.

He was born sixty-eight years ago, in the southern state of Oaxaca, which has a frontage on the Pacific Ocean, a land of mountains and of fertile valleys, where coffee grows supremely good, and where the people are robust of body and sound of brain. It is called the mother of Presidents and statesmen. Many of Mexico's ablest men have come from little known Oaxaca, the state of President Juarez, and of Mariscal, Mexico's most famous foreign minister.

•

On his father's side General Diaz is of Spanish blood, on his mother's of Indian race, and in him are mingled the energy of the Spaniard and the wonderful patience and persistence of the autochthonous people. When he is out hunting (his favorite diversion) he walks as the Indians do, with short, quick steps, and he completely tires out the younger men in the party. He seems indefatigable, says a hunting companion. On these expeditions he will allow no one to talk of State affairs, of concessions, or of any business. He ceases to be the ruler of Mexico, and becomes the good comrade and eager hunter.

One could wish to know more of General Diaz's mother, for it is from her that this wonderfully able man derives his most salient characteristics. She was left a poor widow, and young Diaz had to carve out a career for himself. He studied for the law, and, incidentally, learned a good deal of Latin, which was excellent mental discipline for him. He was unable to buy many books, and so, to earn a little money for that purpose, he gave lessons to other lads, and was able to procure the needed volumes.

The other day, a friend who had obtained from him a clerkship for a young man in one of the Government departments, complained that the beneficiary was kept so busy that he had no time to study law, the profession he had chosen.

"Let him do as I did," said the President, smiling; "let him study nights till two and three in the morning, with his head bound up in a wet towel to keep the brain active!"

•

If there is any man the President really likes it is the positive doer. Like Napoleon, whom in so many ways he resembles, he respects the laborer in all fields of endeavor. He detests all idlers and flâneurs. He really loves work, and he is up generally about six in the morning to begin the day. Formerly he took a shower-bath and a brisk rubdown, nowadays he prefers the tepid baths and some light exercise. Sometimes he goes out early on horseback. But his day's work is not interrupted at any time.

Does General Diaz wish a confidential report on some applicant for office, he wires to people living where the man hails from and gets all the information needed.

His hand is everywhere; he is a personal ruler, and his methods in politics resemble those of the late Samuel J. Tilden; for thousands of men, among the ablest in the country, are in close touch with the ruler in the capital city, that tireless man whose memory is like Napoleon's, who can tell you the condition of every regiment, yes, of every company; who seems every day to take a fresh inventory of the whole civil administration and of the finances of the whole nation.

His knowledge of men is remarkable; one has obtained an audience with him, and expect to find the hurried and distracted statesman. Not so, the President comes into the apartment where you have been summoned, walking with a brisk, soldier-like step, his manner all courtesy and consideration. He has no wandering thoughts, no more than had the great Corsican.

•

He plunges into the midst of business at once, and you note that he looks you right in the eye, and that, while he regards you frankly, he seems to be divining what you are thinking, for he has learned that words are given to disguise thoughts, and he seeks to penetrate men's motives. Long experience and a royal talent for discerning the depths of human nature have made him a formidable man to encounter, if you are not sincere. But when he sees that you are direct and clear, and talk from the heart he is equally frank and just as sincere.

He is marvelously well informed on all matters. He will question an enthusiastic inventor on technical points so as to amaze him. He has often puzzled engineers with apt questions.

"Where did he learn all this?" men ask. Well, by observation, by many years' continual intercourse with practical men. He prefers the best people for his table companions, and he listens and never forgets. People have long ago learned not to lie to him—his memory is too serviceable. He will always trip up the fabricator of a falsehood and have no further use for him.

A few weeks ago an American artist painted the President's portrait. He found him a most excellent sitter, for he seemed to have said to himself: "I must obey the artist; what he tells me to do I will do without questioning." The President talked a good deal, of American affairs in general, of the war, and of the vast resources of his great and prosperous country, which he has made into Modern Mexico.

•

One thing greatly interests the President, it is the food of the common people. He knows just what are the proportions of the different essential constituents of all the kinds of food most eaten here. Like King Henry of Navarre, who wanted to put a chicken in every poor man's pot, the President is anxious that every man, woman and child in the land shall be well cared for and nourished by the proper kind of food.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF CHAPULTEPEC

A PART OF GENERAL DIAZ'S SUMMER HOME

No man is more warmly received, more courteously treated by General Diaz than the schoolmaster. He respects all educators. He takes a keen and daily interest in the growth of the public school system, and the result is that in the remotest valleys and most distant mountain regions one finds the little schoolhouse, and in the State capitals, the normal training schools for teachers.

The President even finds time to give advice to that enthusiastic priest and educator, Father Hunt, who has a school for street boys in the city of Mexico. "Have every boy work to earn his bread," says the President, "but give them solid instruction when they come back to school, and see that every lad goes forth in the morning with his stomach full of nourishing food, so he may be able to work well."

Occasionally the street lads in the good padre's school go out to the great Castle of Chapultepec, where the President lives in the summer and early autumn, and are cordially received. To General Diaz every lad in the street is a potential President.

From six to half past eight in the morning the President is dictating answers to his correspondents. He then breakfasts with his wife and, at half past nine almost with the exactitude of a chronometer, he is in his coupé riding, without escort, like any of the great bankers or merchants to his place of business, the National Palace. He there receives the Minister of Finance daily, and other Ministers on different days, all duly scheduled. When at Chapultepec he receives his Ministers there. At half-past one the presidential coupé is driven back to the house in Cadena Street, a house which is large and very dignified in appearance, but far less pretentious than the residences of the great manufacturers and bankers.

•

Two hours are taken for rest and lunch, and often business of importance to the Republic is talked over the table with invited guests, men of affairs. At half-past three he goes back again to the palace, where the public is received until half-past seven. But even then the President may not hope to shake off his burden, for he frequently has guests at dinner with whom large matters are discussed in a more leisurely manner than is possible in the "presidencia," or executive apartments, in the National Palace.

But often the dinner hour finds only the family and a few friends, and it is then that the President shows the warmly affectionate side of his nature, for he is a model husband and father, and his household intimates have a deep affection for him. He knows how to unbend, how to relax the taut bow. He is in bed by ten o'clock whenever it is possible, and he is a sound sleeper.

Mexico is a silver standard country, and the President thus humorously describes his conversion to the white metal. He was swimming for his life in a port down on the coast, his enemies being close in pursuit. There were some gold coins in his pocket, and he managed to get them out and let them drop into the sea, ridding himself of their weight. "I then entirely abandoned the gold standard," says the President.

•

To do the immense amount of work he must accomplish he has to be careful to keep well nourished, and to avoid excesses in eating. His table is amply spread, but he is himself a plain liver, preferring a roast and a few vegetables to the varied made dishes of French cooking. He smokes two or three very light cigars a day, and recently said to his doctor: "I take a tiny glass of brandy with my dinner; if you think it not well for me, I will give it up." So at sixty-eight years of age he has most remarkable vigor, and is as active in body and mind as a healthy man of forty-five. He is in the very prime of his faculties.

His domestic life is singularly happy. His wife, Señora Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, highly accomplished and charming, the most beloved woman in the land. She is the friend of the working women of the capital, and often acts as arbitrator in their disputes with their employers. She has a long list of charities to attend to, and her goodness of heart is proverbial. She is an ardent Catholic, but without fanaticism, and her life is far removed from one of ostentation and frivolity. Elegant in figure and in dress, gracious to the humblest, with a heart open as the day to all human beings, it is no wonder that she is regarded with sincere admiration and affection. Her husband passes his happiest moments at her side.

•

The secret of the success of Porfirio Diaz lies in several things. In the first place, he has an iron constitution which has enabled him to go through long wars, many hardships and the fatigues of high office; then, he has a marvelous intellectual equipment; his mind works with the precision of a finely adjusted machine, and as tirelessly, and he is a man of unswerving purpose.

When he left his native Oaxaca, in one of the early revolutions, he had determined to rise to the Presidency. It was his fixed idea.

Every plan he made was to that end, and to-day he finds himself supreme in Mexico, and the occupant of the palace end of the Castle of Chapultepec, that noble residence with hanging gardens and Pompeiian frescoed corridors, and an outlook on the noblest valley in the world.

In this residence, which is Royal in every sense, the ill-fated Maximilian hoped to pass his life. The contrast between the positive and laborious Diaz and the weak-willed Emperor is great. The one came into power and began at once to plan great lines of railway; the other first set about selecting ribbons and crosses for the "orders" he was to institute. The one had the genius of the doer; the other possessed the weakness and vanity of the spectacular monarch.

•

To President Diaz, Mexico is like a huge estate. He surveys it mentally in its every aspect, fresh every morning. It is his [illegible] all the day, and he only leaves the fascinating theme when he puts his head on the pillow. "I should like to live fifty years to see the result of the seed I have planted," he said recently to a Philadelphian.

He loves power, but not for the arbitrary exercise of command: rather he loves power as an artist does his creative faculty—it enables him to carry out vast ideals. Since 1876 there has been an immense amount of work going on behind the scaffoldings and screens of the edifice Porfirio Diaz has been erecting. He has been the master workman, the architect, the accomplisher—in fact, the chief laborer. Now the scaffolding begins to come down, the huge screens to drop, and the stately edifice of Modern Mexico is disclosed.

The busy workman contemplates the result of nearly a quarter of a century of persistent and intelligently directed effort and he returns to his task to finish details, to beautify and adorn. He will never be wholly satisfied with his work, but he has built an enduring structure for Mexican society to dwell in through centuries to come.

•

No man can succeed Porfirio Diaz without continuing the Diaz policy. He stands for the modern, for all that is progressive, for popular enlightenment and honesty in administration. He has pacified his country; he has purified its administration, he has made labor respectable and opened up to thousands of young men the paths to success. Factions have disappeared, political strife is at an end, for a firm hand has been laid on all babbling politicians.

The country, once distracted by revolutions, its highways filled with banditti, commerce made perilous, no man safe, is now one of the most secure of lands; railways make travel easy, and the internal prosperity of Mexico is due to the creation of these iron rivers, supplying what the country lacked. Peace has succeeded civil strife, and everywhere one sees factory chimneys, prosperous cities, and a contented people.

All this is the work of one determined, iron-willed man, inflexible in his punishment of all elements of disorder, generous and cooperative with all industrious and creative men, at once stern and laborious, courteous and ardently progressive. He has reconciled the church to his administration, and he has inaugurated an era of good feeling in Mexico.

Clean-handed and clean-minded, temperate, just, nothing has stood in his way. He had a great ideal, and he has realized it. It was fortunate for Mexico that she had one strong, indomitable man at her critical time.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

POEMS OF BEAUTY

With a Drawing by Cornelia Greenough

LIV

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

By Lord Byron

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

• • •

LV

DORIS: A PASTORAL

By Arthur Joseph Munby

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers;
I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses
Wild summer roses of faint perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said, "We linger, we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered, bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling—
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded—
I shall be scolded and sent away!"

Said I, replying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered, meekly,
"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild;
If they love me, it's none so fervent—
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall bind you,
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die!"

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine:
But I did brave them—I told her plainly,
She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty such grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true,
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
With love excelling and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, LIKE THE NIGHT

• • • • • • • • • • •

THE POST'S SERIES OF POEMS

IN THIS department the POST aims to present to its readers, in the most attractive form, the best of the poetry of all ages. The value of this department lies in the fact that by this means old favorites are again brought prominently to the public notice and are illustrated by the best artists the country affords. When possible a sketch of the poet's life is given, together with pictures of the poet, the house in which he lived, and the room in which the poem was written. The POST also endeavors, when space will permit, to recount the story of how the poem was written and to relate the incident which inspired it.

LVI

FLORENCE VANE

By Philip Pendleton Cooke

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

• • •

LVII

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

By William Wordsworth

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close Range Studies of People as They Pass

The Governor-Elect of New York State The man whom the citizens of New York State have chosen to be their next Governor is not a man to flinch in the face of danger. Stories are plenty concerning his many deeds of bravery in Cuba, but there is one which specially shows the coolness of the man under fire.

A young Lieutenant recently told an incident of a night in the trenches which illustrates the power which Roosevelt had over his men and how he managed to hold it.

It was the night of the Spanish sortie on the captured trenches. The Rough Riders had lain for forty-eight hours in the muddy ditch, sweltering by day, shivering by night. At the hour of early morning the Spaniards appeared in a dense, dark line at the top of the hill.

The men in the trenches stirred uneasily. Tired and discouraged, chilled to the bone, they were ready to bolt at a signal or a movement from any one. But suddenly they saw Colonel Roosevelt walking calmly along the top of the entrenchment, with a faded blue handkerchief flapping from his hat.

He seemed to be oblivious of the rain of Mauser bullets which was falling about him, and was apparently as unconscious of danger as if he were strolling in the woods on a summer's day. But the effect of his coolness on the men was remarkable. A cheer went up, and every one was calling to the Colonel to come down out of danger. The restlessness was over, and the drooping spirits of the men gave place to grim determination to prove as heroic as their leader. A cowboy Lieutenant said: "That was the bravest thing I ever saw in my life."

•

Mother of the New Temperance Education At the present time every State in the American Union excepting two has adopted laws requiring the study of scientific temperance in the public schools. This is the result of a long-sustained agitation inaugurated by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Massachusetts, and afterward carried on by a department of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union under her superintendence.

It was an early conviction with Mrs. Hunt that the success of the temperance reform depended on the education of successive generations of the people as to the real nature and physiological effects of alcoholic beverages. To this task she consecrated her life. A sympathetic Chairman of the Board of Education told her that he could only enforce the teaching of what the law required. She acted on the hint at once.

In the absence of a suitable text-book, she engaged Miss Coleman to prepare the work on Alcohol and Hygiene, now used in intermediate schools, and then, with the backing of the local branches of the Union, began urging on Governors and State legislators the enactment of a law requiring the new study, with the result above stated.

•

Miss Viola Allen's Début as a Star Miss Viola Allen, who is playing "Glory" in the Christian, Hall Caine's play, is the daughter of C. Leslie Allen, a member of Henry Miller's company. Miss Allen made her *début* when the company in which her father was playing was in San Francisco. Naturally, Mr. Allen was anxious to hear how his daughter succeeded, but it was decided by the management to withhold any telegrams until after the performance.

When the yellow envelope addressed to Mr. Allen arrived the manager placed it carefully in his pocket. Now, there was a standing rule that telegrams to Mr. Miller himself should be delivered without delay, so when one came a little later the manager went back on the stage to deliver it. Allen met him on the way to Mr. Miller's dressing-room, for the curtain was just about to rise on the second act, and anxiously inquired:

"Isn't there a telegram for me yet?"

"Not yet," prevaricated the manager, handing Mr. Miller the one for him. Just then the curtain rose, and as Allen and Mr. Miller were starting to enter, Mr. Miller opened his message. With a tone of voice that was almost a shout, he said to Allen:

"Old man, it's a big hit. Viola has struck them hard," and the next moment they were both on the stage. There they stood looking at each other for a few seconds, which seemed like hours. Neither of them could remember a word they had to say. But the stage manager rushed to the wing and loudly whispered the correct speech, which called them to themselves, and the scene went on.

That night there was a quiet but jolly little supper after the performance, celebrating the success of an actress 3000 miles away.

•

Rudolph Virchow, German Scientist Honors continue to fall thick and fast about the distinguished discoverer of the cellular theory in pathology, rector of the University of Berlin, and early advocate of international disarmament. He is one of those rare men who seem to have time for everything, with all his pressing duties; he is constantly rushing to various parts of Europe to attend meetings of scientific societies of which he is a member.

Only the other day he made a flying trip to London to partake of a formal dinner given in his honor by the great medical men of the United Kingdom.

The political economist who irritated the brusque Bismarck into challenging him to a duel; the scientist on whom the French Government conferred the rank and insignia of a commander of the Legion of Honor two years ago; the surgeon who received from admirers in all parts of the world a gold medal weighing nearly six pounds, and having an intrinsic value of $1750, on his seventieth birthday; the university professor, editor, technical writer and broad humanitarian, is, to-day, at the advanced age of seventy-seven, one of the foremost among the really great men of the world.

•

Joaquin Miller's Sound Reasoning The following anecdote is told of Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has recently had a funeral pyre built after his own designs:

Years ago he was journeying on foot, and was overtaken by an honest countryman, who took him up on his loaded wagon and gave him a long ride. Tired, at length, of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket, and pored over it long and silently.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller.

"Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure?" asked the poet. "Are you quite sure that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course you are."

"If that is so," responded Miller, "I don't see why I need be economical of my time."

•

Russell Sage's Advice to Young Men Russell Sage, who is worth between forty and fifty million dollars, is one of the most maligned of men. Yet he started life without any worldly advantages, and has by dint of perseverance and thrift laid aside a snug fortune.

To a boy who recently asked Mr. Sage's opinion as to the chances for success at the present time, the great financier said: "There are as many opportunities for young men to get rich now as there was twenty years ago. There is always room for bright young men. Conditions never change in that respect. But success depends upon the man himself.

"I was only fifteen years old when I began as a clerk in a store. For four years I slaved in that store, and then started in business for myself. I had many hard knocks, but every young man must expect that when he starts out. Special training for any line of business is all very well theoretically; all knowledge comes in handy when you are in an office. A college education adds to a young man's fund of general knowledge, and is useful, but most young men could spend four years to better advantage.

"There are a number of ways in which a young man can place his money so that it will yield him a good return. He could buy one share in a good railroad stock, or the shares of some solid bank would be a good thing. If he hasn't money enough to buy a whole share he can find some companies which sell half and even quarter shares. But he must be very careful. Let him be sure that it is perfectly good stock, and that he is in no danger of losing his capital. When he makes a profit on the principal he may be a little more reckless, perhaps. But no young man should ever lose his principal, for if he does he must start all over again.

"A man must be honest in his dealings, or he would soon cease to be trusted by those with whom he does business. The millionaires of to-day must have been honest or they would not be rich. It is impossible for a dishonest man to stay rich any length of time. Wealth cannot become a burden unless it is foolishly invested. When you have your money in safe hands it cannot help being a comfort. To me it is a pleasure. I might have been as happy without it, but I would not care to make the experiment. I knew once what it was to be without it, and that is why I am not making a show with it now."

•

The Early Struggles of Novelist Zola Emile Zola, the novelist, who, it is reported, will visit America soon, has lived in an unusually heavy sea of troubles. His father was an Italian, his mother a Frenchwoman. When the father died, Zola and his mother moved from Provence to Paris in order to fight a heavy lawsuit, which was the father's only legacy.

At twenty years of age Zola, the spoiled child, was battling with life in Paris, and striving to earn a livelihood for himself and his mother. So reduced were they in circumstances that it is said that they lived for a while on sparrows trapped on the window sill of their attic room.

Regarding this dark time Zola himself has said: "Often I went hungry for so long that it seemed as if I must die. I scarcely tasted meat from one month's end to another, and for two days I lived on three apples. Fire, even on the coldest nights, was an undreamed of luxury; and I was the happiest man in Paris when I could get a candle, by the light of which I might study at night."

Finally perseverance won, and Zola obtained newspaper work which brought in about twenty-five dollars a week. Then followed the Rougon-Macquart series, and with them he became involved in more financial trouble. But he has now reached a stage where money is of slight consequence; his one ambition and object in life is to be made one of the Forty Immortals.

•

Mrs. Mead's Work at Mount Holyoke When Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead was inaugurated President of Mount Holyoke Seminary, in 1890, the pioneer school for the higher education of women in America entered on a new era of strength and usefulness. Founded by the much-loved Mary Lyon, in 1836, the institution had been under the administration of Mrs. Mead less than three years when its friends recognized the effects of a master at its head, and procured for it a charter as a college.

Mrs. Mead came from a family noted for the elements essential to the successful direction of a liberal education. She began her career as a teacher in early girlhood, and afterward was associated for several years with her sister, Mrs. Bela B. Edwards, in conducting a famous school at Andover. After the death of her husband, the Rev. Hiram Mead, a professor in the theological department of Oberlin College, she resumed teaching, and for some time prior to her call to Mount Holyoke she was vice-principal of Abbott Academy, at Andover.

•

The Charlotte Yonge Scholarship Fund Sir Walter Besant, the novelist, is the active head of a movement to raise $30,000 with which to found a university scholarship to enable a pupil from the Winchester High School for girls every year to enter one of the Universities. The scholarship is to be called the Charlotte Yonge Scholarship Fund, in honor of the English novelist, who is a native of Winchester.

The author of The Daisy Chain still lives at Otterbourne, near Winchester, and has just passed her seventy-fifth birthday. The townspeople regard her with reverence and affectionate pride. Her books, though old-fashioned, are full of human interest, and will hold the interest of the young for many years. She is stout, but her face is one of remarkable sweetness and womanliness.

•

The Kitchener of the Transvaal Boers Petrus Jacobus Joubert, Vice-President of the Transvaal, or South African Republic, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, who has taken the field to subdue the uprising of 20,000 men of the Magato tribe under Chief Opefu, is one of the foremost leaders of the Boers. In education, experience broadened by travel, and familiarity with the methods of more advanced governments, he is far superior to President "Oom" Paul Krüger. He is descended from an old French Huguenot family, and has been intimately associated with the Boer interests since the beginning of the movement that culminated in the establishment of the Republic. Twice he was sent to London as a commissioner to negotiate privileges for the Boers, and, besides maintaining the security of the Republic, he has several times distinguished himself as a military commander, notably in the war against the British in 1881, and in the famous Jameson raid in 1895.

•

A Friend's Tribute to Harold Frederic The late Harold Frederic, the well-known writer, whose last book, The Market-place, is soon to appear in the Post as a serial, was an intimate friend of Joseph Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence writes in the New York Times this tribute to the novelist:

"Frederic was equally at home in Paris and Berlin. He numbered among his friends men like Clemenceau, in Paris, and Bamberger and Richter, in Berlin. As you know, I have been Frederic's guest at the Savoy in London more than once, and have met at his table George Wyndham, now Under-Secretary of War; Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Alfred Milner, the present Governor of the Cape, and Colonel John Hay, late American Ambassador, who held Harold in the deepest honor and esteem.

"Indeed, the last word I had from Colonel Hay before he left for the United States was on the day of my daughter's wedding at Brompton Oratory, when Hay seemed deeply concerned about Frederic's illness.

"A few months before that, when none of us foresaw this cruel end, Frederic and Hay were together at a dinner given by my son-in-law, Arthur Pollen. I heard Hay chide Frederic for not accepting an invitation to his little daughter's birthday party a few days before. Hay said to Harold, 'You ought to have come to please the child. You know even Ambassadors' little girls appreciate little attentions from men of fame.'

"Frederic, in his boyish way, pleaded, with a graver meaning than we then understood, that he was not quite the thing, but added: 'All right; I'll come round some afternoon quietly and see the little lady.'"

•

When General Wheeler Bowed to Discipline It is doubtful if any man enjoyed our recent war with Spain more than did General "Joe" Wheeler. It gave the old General a chance to smell powder again before he died. According to the Detroit Free Press, one of the Michigan officers had a colored attendant with him, who was proud of his position, and who held rigid ideas regarding discipline.

One evening the officer and General Wheeler met some distance from camp, and the General said: "I hear, sir, that you received some brandied peaches from home."

"Yes, General, and they're prime. You had better stop at my tent on the way in and have my man give you a can."

When the officer reached his quarters he was met by the colored attendant, who gave an elaborate salute and said: "Did you tell dat Gen'ral Wheeler dat he could call heah, sah, and procu' a can ob dem peaches?"

"Yes; of course you gave them to him?"

"No, sah; no, indeed. I knows ma duty, sah. I done tole Gen'ral Wheeler dat all men look alike to me, and he cayn't got no peaches without a ordah, 'less he overcomes me by powah of superiah numbers."

"Why, you rascal, what did he say?"

"Say? They wa'n't not'in' fur him to say. He jes grun an' ho' it, sah!"

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

Half Hours With Song and Story

The Pianist Who Knew His Business

PERHAPS nothing can exert a more powerful influence on the feelings, the sympathies of the human race, than music. When it is appropriate it is a great boon, but men's opinions as to what is appropriate music vary considerably. A traveling showman recently said:

"I took out a tableau show some time ago, and I had some queer experiences. We always had trouble getting suitable music, for one thing. I remember that we struck a certain town where the music was furnished by a seedy, freckle-faced young man, who officiated at a wreck of a piano.

"I asked him if he could think of music suitable to each picture as it was displayed. 'Certainly he could, and do it impromptu.' The performance opened. He was seated at the piano, and he turned to look at the first tableau. It was a representation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Like a flash he turned and began pounding out There's Only One Girl in This World for Me."

•

Schiller's Bell to be Melted

"VIVOS voco, mortuos plango." The great bell from which Schiller took his motto for the Lied von der Glocke will shortly belong to the voices of the past, says the Pall Mall Gazette. This is the bell of the Münster, at Schaffhausen. It was cast at Bâle in 1486, though in this century the families and guilds which supplied the great belfries of Europe were at Nuremberg, and Augsburg, and in Holland, while the Klinge or Klinghe family in Northwest Germany gave their name to the domestic bell wherever the German language is spoken.

The Glocke von Schaffhausen was originally a passing bell, and it has tolled its own passing for more than a century. A piece of the metal broke away more than a hundred years ago, and a new and dangerous crack was revealed last year. For the sake of its historic past it was treated with all possible care; it was covered up in winter, and its voice was heard only on Sunday in summer. Now it is to be melted with the four other bells of the minster, and a new peal made.

•

Napoleon's Strange Plan of Conquest

A GERMAN historian is said to have discovered Napoleon's original plans for the invasion of England in the year 1789, and accident wills it that this discovery was made at the same time that the French agitation for a submarine tunnel connecting France (via Spain) with her African possessions is renewed.

One hundred years ago Napoleon was still General Bonaparte. He had humbled Italy, and had captured the Pope; free Switzerland was a vassal of France. Then the General set out to be lord of the sea.

He decided to tow an army over to England on great floating forts, with large bodies of troops lined up in battle order. They were then to fight their way ashore, and land on the coast without resort to lighters. The troops were to march ashore in the order of their regiments, preceded and backed up by artillery.

It will be remembered that Napoleon has often declared that he would have been as great an Admiral as he was a General with half a chance. "But," he added, "the French are useless as sailors. They are too fussy, too excitable. At sea one needs a calm mind, quiet fortitude, and energy."

To many Americans the words "engine house," marked on Napoleon's plans, are of peculiar interest. Fulton launched his first experimental steamboat on the Seine in 1803, but his connection with the French Government dates from 1797, when he offered his submarine torpedo boat to France. Failing in this, he turned his attention to steam navigation. From his drawings, it would seem that Napoleon meant to try steam navigation with his ferries one hundred years ago.

No doubt Napoleon used Fulton's plans, but there was still another American inventor at his service,—John Fitch, of Connecticut,—who built the first unsuccessful sidewheelers in 1788 to 1790, and three years later went to Paris to sell improved plans for steam navigation to the French Government.

Bonaparte's ferries were built in Brest, in Cherbourg, and in Boulogne, but when Napoleon inspected them, in the spring of 1798, his faith in the new-fangled marine monsters wavered. He abandoned the proposed invasion of England, and instead started on the expedition to Egypt.

•

THE SPINNING DERVISH

By Ernest McGaffey

HE WEARS a turban round his head,
And on his feet are pointed shoes,
While from his waist a skirt outspread,
Such as the tawny Arabs use,
Describes a circle from his hips,
And rustles like a lady's fan;
His teeth gleam whitely 'twixt his lips—
The silent Oriental man.

Then slow he turns from left to right,
His arms outstretched, long, lean and browned
By suns that on Sahara smite,
And round and round, and round and round
He moves in circles slow unfurled
From where his journey first began,
Like dust upon the desert whirled—
The silent Oriental man.

Round, round and round, my eyes grow dim;
His whirling figure seems to change,
The very earth goes round with him,
Forsooth! but this is passing strange.
A broken glimpse of twisting heels
And ornaments of beaten brass
I catch, as round the Dervish reels,
While one by one the minutes pass.

The half hour wanes, and on he spins
With hands uplifted, clenched and still,
A mighty maze of suns and his
Impelled by weird fanatic will.
In cloudless skies the far sun burns
And shadows lengthen by a span,
While round and round and round he turns—
The silent Oriental man.

So are we all from God's right hand
Sent spinning into boundless space,
And when upright we cannot stand
Death comes and thus we lose our place.
Spin, spin, ye mortals; I can smile,
Remembering this primeval plan,
Watching with steady gaze meanwhile
The silent Oriental man.

—Poems.

•

Threading a Needle at a Gallop

WRITING about the amazing deeds of expert horseback riders, the New York Sun quotes a story related by a military gentleman of Los Angeles, California, about "a Riffian irregular cavalryman."

"I have seen Cossacks snatch a baby from its mother's arms at full gallop, toss it into the air, catch it, and repeat the performance," said Captain Rathbone. "I once saw an Indian rider in the far West spring from his pony's bare back while the animal was moving at full gallop, pick up an arrow, and remount instantly in a standing posture. I have seen other performances all over the world, but for a neat, clever, clean-cut feat this Riffian exceeded them all, I think.

"Several of us had been at Gibraltar, and found ourselves at a town on the Riffian coast. We were finely entertained by the Spanish commander. One morning we rode out to a level stretch of sand, where there were a number of Riffian horsemen.

"They were fine-looking fellows, with gleaming faces of bronze, white teeth, and attired in snow-white burnooses. They were mounted on small animals, slight, but quick and wiry, of the thoroughbred Arab barb type.

"We were amused some time by their charges and evolutions. They would throw their swords and matchlocks into the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks infallibly. Finally it was announced that something of most unusual interest would be accomplished.

"One of the men produced a needle and a piece of thread, possibly two or three feet in length. They were both handed around for inspection. I suppose the needle was a cambric one, and the thread fifty or sixty fine. When we had duly inspected both, one of the men said he would thread the needle.

"He galloped his horse down the sand about four hundred yards or so. He finally wheeled his horse and remained stationary, facing us. The one who held the needle and thread waved them in his hand and rode toward the other. When he had covered about two-thirds of the distance, he halted and waved his hand to the farther one. Immediately the latter spurred his horse into a gallop, and came toward us at full speed. As he passed the other he took the needle and thread from his companion, bent over for a moment, and pulled up when he reached our party, holding the threaded needle triumphantly over his head."

•

Editing a Newspaper on Pike's Peak

UNIQUE among the newspaper offices of the United States, and probably the highest in the world, is that on Pike's Peak, says the Boston Transcript. The paper is being published twice a day out among the trees that are very scanty up at timber-line. The publisher is T. B. Wilson.

For several years Wilson has been publishing newspapers in the mountains. When he started the Pike's Peak News it was with some misgivings. He located his office on the very peak, but the storms are so frequent that he found it better to move down a little. However, he is yet 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Himself, his wife and their daughter do all work on the paper. When the train on the cog road comes puffing its way up from Manitou, the passengers are induced to give their names. Then, while they go to the top, the paper is printed, and in it are the names of all who have been on the peak that day. There is a large sale among the passengers, as they desire the papers for souvenirs.

Not much news is in this mountain-top paper, for there is little happening on Pike's Peak. With the coming of the early storms of winter the paper is suspended, for the visitors are not there to buy the copies. The press and type are moved to the town below, and there continue in service as an aid to a local paper until there is a resumption of the summer sightseeing and travel up the peak.

The one annoyance of the printer is the relic hunter. When his back is turned there is a rush of laughing girls for the type cases to gather type for souvenirs of the trip. He has several times been compelled to replace type taken in this way. One day he published a notice saying:

"Iph there are seen a phew mistakes in this paper, and we phail to spell all names right, do not blame us, phor it is the best we can do. Some phlighty girls phrom Boston philched all our ephs."

••

Paying Doubtful Compliments

SOME people have a faculty for taking off the edge of a neighbor's pleasure. A writer in the Temple Magazine lately gave a case in point. It happened to a doctor of divinity who was preaching some special sermons. He had scarcely got into the vestry after one of them, when in rushed a man, who greeted him most effusively.

"Delighted to see you, Doctor," he said. "You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat, a real inspiration to us all."

The Doctor smiled and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry.

No sooner was the door closed, however, than one of the deacons remarked:

"You must not take any notice of him, Doctor. He's got softening of the brain."

The feelings of the Doctor must have been akin to those of another minister who was preaching in Rochdale. The morning was fine and the congregation unusually large. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met him.

"We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown," remarked the pleased preacher.

"Yes, sir," replied the guileless brother, "a very fine congregation. You see, sir, we wasn't expecting you this morning."

•••

WIT OF THE CHILDREN

THE DANGERS OF INFECTION.—Tommie, the five-year-old son of a candidate for a local office, was told that his father had got the nomination, and, running into the house, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! Mr. Jones says papa's got the nomination. Is that worse than the measles?"

EDITING GOD'S SERMONS.—A clergyman was in his library one day preparing his Sabbath discourse. He paused frequently to review what he had written, and would often erase a word or sentence and substitute another, and his five-year-old son, who was watching him, asked: "Papa, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my son," was the reply. "Then why do you scratch it out?" queried the little observer.

WAR VIEWS—Send for 256-page catalogue, free, of **Magic Lanterns** and **Stereopticons**, and list of views illustrating every subject for public exhibitions. A profitable business for a man with small capital. **Hazlitter, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York**

Correspondence School of Illustrating. Learn to Draw for Magazines, Newspapers by mail. Best teachers. Our methods have made successful illustrators. Takes spare time only. Terms moderate. Catalog Free. **1293 Broadway, New York**

DON'T LOSE THE POINT

of your pencil. Carry it in the **Improved Washburne Patent Pencil Holder.** Fastens to pocket or lapel of vest. Grips firmly, but don't tear the fabric. Eyeglass Holder, with swivel hook, equally handy. By mail, **10c.** each.

Catalogue of these and other novelties made with the Washburne Fasteners free for the asking.

American Ring Co.

Box 56. Waterbury, Conn.

$15 Worth of Assorted Copyrighted Music for 50c.

The Witmark Annual An unusual collection of every variety. Edition limited and not duplicated.

THE WITMARK ANNUAL CONTAINS:

Solos, Marches, Waltzes; Characteristic Pieces and Duets for Piano; Ballads; Descriptive, Comic and Coon Songs, and Vocal Duets; Music for Mandolin and Guitar, Two Mandolins and Piano, for One and Two Banjos, Zither; also Male, Female and Mixed Quartettes. Also an original story specially written for The Witmark Annual, entitled, "PERCY PETERS' CHRISTMAS 'RAG,'" by Walter Beverly Crane.

All sent, post prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents

Order direct from the publishers, as the Annual will not be placed on sale elsewhere.

M. WITMARK & SONS, 10 West 29th Street, New York

Cradle Songs of Many Nations

A Musical Entertainment for Children

BY KATHERINE WALLACE DAVIS

Available for as many children as a stage will accommodate. An extremely interesting collection of lullabies, all procured from original sources; each illustrated with the photograph of a child in the costume depicting its respective nation. Beautifully printed on extra quality paper, handsomely bound, making it a very desirable gift volume. Price, **$1.00.** Published by

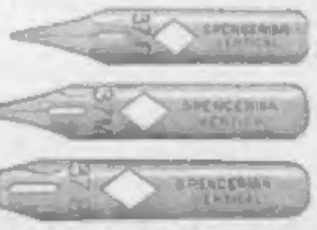
CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO., 220 Wabash Ave., Chicago

For sale by the music and book trade in general

Spencerian Pens

New Series No. 37

See That Hole?



That is for inserting a pointed instrument to eject the pen from the holder, and to prevent the ink from flowing back on the pen and soiling the fingers.

Samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for VERTICAL No. 37.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY

450 Broome Street, New York

HAROLD FREDERIC'S LAST STORY

Unquestionably the greatest work of this strong writer, having been secured for the POST, and cleverly illustrated by Mr. Harrison Fisher,

WILL BEGIN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

It is a story of a corner in "Rubber Consols," and, though written before the famous Hooley disclosures, seems almost prophetic in its close delineation of life among the higher business classes in London—the floating of vast enterprises—the weakness of titled promoters, etc.

Its Title is: **THE MARKET-PLACE**

THE POST'S LITERARY TOURS

Personally Conducted Through Bookland

THERE are ruts and rough places on the road through Bookland, and tiresome stretches of barren country. It is the province of the "gentlemanly conductor" to avoid these altogether, or to hurry the tourist over them. The spots where it will be pleasant to linger a while and the brave show places are alone his concern.

In a daintily bound little book, Madame Butterfly, John Luther Long takes us to Japan. Very sympathetic and skillful is he in his handling of his graceful, flower-like little heroines; yet one feels as if he were watching a ruthless boy pulling butterflies to pieces as he reads the love idyls of Madame Butterfly and Purple Eyes, in which a man of the West and a woman of the East contract a Japanese marriage which ends in abandonment, doubt and final despair for the woman. The Century Company publishes the book.

•

From Japan we are taken back to America in The Land of Contrasts, by James Fullerton Muirhead, for Englishmen are not yet through writing us up. But it is only fair to say that the three weeks usually given up by our visiting British brethren to picking out our faults was, in Mr. Muirhead's case, expanded to three years, and that he finds many saving virtues in us. His book is, on the whole, a careful, sympathetic study of America, full of honest praise and honest criticism. It is published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

From America to Palestine is an easy jump in Bookland, and every one who has read Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's stories will agree that it is worth taking when he learns that the scenes of her new book, The Patriots of Palestine, are laid there. Miss Yonge has chosen Judas Maccabeus and Eleazar for the leading characters in this religious novel, which is a strong piece of work, though the author's recipe for an historical novel calls for too little story and too much history to quite suit the tastes of her younger readers. The book is published by Thomas Whittaker.

•

The Story of the Big Front Door, which Mary F. Leonard writes and Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. publish, tells the story of a club of bright young boys and girls which accomplishes much good without turning the youngsters into little prigs. It is a vivacious and charming story of its kind—a helpful, stimulating book for young people.

Four Months After Date, by Randall Irving Tyler, is, as its name suggests, a business novel, which the writer, anticipating the critic, calls "a jumble of sentiment, slang and sense." The Stuyvesant Publishing Company are its publishers.

Mr. George Saintsbury has written for the Macmillan Company A Short History of English Literature, compressing into eight hundred pages an admirable digest of the whole subject. Writers and their work, from the Saxon days down to our own times, are dealt with in a critical and analytical spirit, and the history is set forth clearly and conveniently. For the student of literature it is invaluable.

These are some of the new books of the week. Yet novelty does not always mean the greatest entertainment, even in Bookland. For just as it is pleasant, after some flying excursion through a strange country, to get back home and stroll along the quiet country lanes, noting anew the familiar beauties of the roadside, so is it good to come back to tried and sure books.

For this mood, too, some provision has been made in the new publications. The Doubleday & McClure Company has just issued in its series of little masterpieces three small handy pocket volumes, edited by Bliss Perry, being choice selections from the works of John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Babington Macaulay, respectively.

And last, and perhaps best of them all, comes that good friend and homely philosopher, Poor Richard, the first typically American humorist, with his quaint maxims, their wit as keen, their wisdom as shrewd, and their points as apt to-day as they were back in those times when the author was editing the Pennsylvania Gazette. There have been many reprints of Poor Richard's Almanack, but none handsomer and more worthy of it than the little volume which the Century Company has just issued, the cover design of which is reproduced above.

• • •

Child Rhymes, by James Whitcomb Riley.—The dust may lie gray over the red-and-gold bindings in the little poets' corner of the library, the reading of poetry may be a moribund fashion, and its making a half-forgotten art, but all the evidence is not that way. A quick welcome waits every new poem of genius. The Recessional sang itself around the world, and for two months past The Truce of the Bear has been on every lip.

The pink-and-white minor poets may clog the shelves of the unwary publisher, but that argues nothing, unless it be that we are a wise generation. The poet in whose lines there is the human note, be he genius or minor singer, finds an audience as large, as sympathetic as ever.

Perhaps there is no better example of this than Mr. Riley. His sweet and simple rhymes are known and repeated from one end of the land to the other. Little Orphant Annie and The Raggedy Man—who has not read them and wanted more?

Many of the poems in the present volume are familiar; but it meets an old and persistent demand for a complete collection of the author's child-verse. From it this clever little bit is reprinted:

THE BUMBLE-BEE

"You better not fool with a Bumble-bee!—
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see!
They're lazy to look at, an' kindo' go
Buzzin' and hummin' aroun' so slow,
An' ac' so slouchy an' all lagged out,
Danglin' their legs as they drone about
The hollyhawks 'at they can't climb in
'Ithout ist a-tumble-un out agin,
Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way
In a jimson-blossom, I did, one day,—
An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—
An' 'Ooh-ooh! Honey! I told ye so!'
Says the Raggedy Man; an' he ist run
An' pullt out the stinger, an' don't laugh none,
An' says: 'They has been folks, I guess,
'At thought I was predjudust, more or less,—
Yit I still mountain 'at a Bumble-bee
Weirs out his welcome too quick for me.'"

(The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

• • •

Domitia, by S. Baring-Gould.—In the British Museum it is said that the longest list of books by a living author is that bearing the name of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. For more than thirty years Mr. Gould has been writing books, most of them stories of the peasants of Cornwall and Dorsetshire; but occasionally he has used his archæological knowledge for the setting of a novel.

Life in Rome in the first century, and the sufferings and persecutions of the early Christians, form the background of Mr. Gould's latest book. Domitia, the heroine, who gives her name to it, is forced to become the wife of the Emperor Domitian, that degenerate with whom the line of the Cæsars ended.

The descriptions of travel by land and water, of domestic life and public entertainments, of a wedding, of a funeral—all are graphic, and will be interesting to those readers who thirst for information concerning the Imperial City in the days of its magnificence and depravity, when the Cæsars ruled. Saint Luke figures in a dramatic incident in the story. The book closes with a meeting in the catacombs. (Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

• • •

More Cargoes, by W. W. Jacobs.—These sea stories are of such stuff as farces are made of. There are fifteen of them, humorous to a degree, and most entertaining. One, A Safety Match, is a veritable pepper-box of wit.

Mr. Jacobs does not take the sailor and his environment seriously at all; he pictures only the lighter side of things. In each of these short stories he invariably employs the farce trick of having some one of his characters attempt a deceit—and the climax is always in the abashing discovery.

The dialogue is racy, after the manner of short skits in the humorous weeklies. The taste is the same, a good laugh being a good laugh, from whatsoever source you get it. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESSES

A General History of the World: Victor Duruy: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; With 24 Maps: Cloth	$2 00
Armageddon, a Tale of Love, War and Invention: Stanley Waterloo: Rand, McNally & Co.: Cloth	
Birds That Hunt and Are Hunted: Neltje Blanchan: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	2 00
Blessed Are Ye: Talks on the Beatitudes: F. B. Meyer, B. A.: Thos. Whittaker; Cloth	75
Colette: Jeanne Schultz: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Illustrated: Cloth	1 00
Corona and Coronet: By Mabel Loomis Todd; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	2 50
Enoch, the Philistine: a Traditional Romance of Egypt: Le Roy Hooker: Rand McNally & Co.; Cloth	
Flashlights on Nature: Grant Allen: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 50
Friendship: Hugh Black, A. M.; Fleming H. Revell Co.; Cloth	1 25
Ideal Motherhood: Minnie S. Davis: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
Jingle Jangle Rhyme-Book: Henry Bradford Simmons: Frederick Stokes & Co.; Illustrated; Boards	
Joel Harford: James Otis: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
John Hancock: His Book: Abram English Brown: Lee & Shepard; Illustrated; Cloth	2 00
Margaret Wynne: Adeline Sergeant: Rand, McNally & Co.; Cloth	
Miriam: Gustav Kobbé: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	50
More Cargoes: W. W. Jacobs: Frederick Stokes & Co.; Cloth	1 00
My Friend, the Captain; or, Two Yankees in Europe: William L. Terhune: G. W. Dillingham Co.	
Rise and Growth of American Politics: Henry Jones Ford: Macmillan & Co.; Cloth	1 50
Rose à Charlitte, An Acadian Romance: Marshall Saunders: L. C. Page & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	
Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe: Charles F. King: Lee & Shepard: Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
Struan: Julia Magruder: Richard Badger & Co.; Cloth	1 50
Tekla, a Romance of Love and War: Robert Barr: Frederick Stokes Co.; Cloth	1 75
The Boys With Old Hickory: Everett T. Tomlinson: Lee & Shepard: Illustrated; Cloth	1 50
The Cost of Her Pride: Mrs. Alexander: J. B. Lippincott Co.; Cloth	1 25
The Everlasting Arms: Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
The Fifth of November: Chas. Bentley and F. Kimball Scribner: Rand, McNally & Co.: Cloth	
The Fruit of the Vine: Rev. Andrew Murray: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta: Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Cloth	2 00
The Greatest Thing Ever Known: Ralph Waldo Trine: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
The Land of Contrasts: James Fullarton Muirhead: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.; Cloth	1 50
The Marriage Altar: Rev. J. R. Miller D. D.: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
The Modern Man and Maid: Sarah Grand: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
The Nameless Castle: Maurus Jokai: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Portrait; Cloth	1 25
The Secret of Achievement: Orison Swett Marden: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 50
The Secret of Gladness: J. R. Miller, D. D.: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth	35
The Story of Little Jane and Me: M. E.: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; With Frontispiece; Cloth	1 00
The Story of the Big Front Door: Mary F. Leonard: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
Tom Benton's Luck: Herbert Elliott Hamblen: Macmillan & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 50
What Shall Our Boys Do for a Living?: Charles F. Wingate: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Cloth	1 00
Wild Eelin—Her Escapades and Adventures: William Black: Harper & Bros.; Illustrated; Cloth	

R·H·RUSSELL'S NEW BOOKS

A New Fall Catalogue With Full-Page Illustrations By GIBSON: REMINGTON WENZELL: KEMBLE ABBEY: NICHOLSON Mailed free on application. No. 3 W. 29th St., New York

MUSIC SELF-TAUGHT

Prof. Rice's Self-Teaching System

All can Learn Music without a teacher. Rapid, Correct. Notes, Chords, Accompaniments, Harmony. Established 12 years. 10 Lessons, 10 cents. Circulars Free.

U. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 241 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Suggestions for Christmas

A Christmas Accident. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

By Annie Eliot Trumbull

"The keenness, quickness and acuteness of the New England mind were never better illustrated than in her stories. Her conversations are at times almost supernaturally bright; such talk as one hears from witty, brilliant and cultivated American women."—*The Outlook.*

By the same Author:

A Cape Cod Week. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.
Rod's Salvation. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

A. S. BARNES & CO., 156 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

To introduce Holiday Catalogue we will send you either this Solid Silver Glove Buttoner, or a pair of these Solid Silver Dumb-Bell Link Buttons, for 22c.

JAECKLE BROS., Jewelers and Silversmiths
857 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Direct from the Factory

Ladies' Mahogany Desk

The Very Queen of Gifts for a Lady

$9.75 buys this dainty desk direct from the factory, *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned at our *expense* if not positively the best ladies' desk ever sold at so low a price. A dainty birthday or wedding gift.

FRONT is figured mahogany, neatly inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, pigeon for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's-eye maple. Trimmings are all solid brass (not plated), including the rivet. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost $15 to $20. Ask for Catalogue.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

Write for our Complete Catalogue

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Makers of Office and Library Furniture

Direct from the Factory

Rare Old Violins

A Special Offer: We will send two or three old violins on approval, and allow an examination of 7 days.

Our new collection of old violins, owing to the depressed conditions under which it was bought, presents the Greatest Values Ever Offered. No teacher, connoisseur nor student can afford to let this opportunity pass. No parent having a child desiring a satisfactory violin should delay corresponding with us. We offer fine old violins, possessing a smooth and mellow tone, dated 1670 to 1810, from $25 upward; Artists' violins, from $50 to $250. Magnificent violins by the greatest of the old masters, from $300 to $5000. A formal Certificate of Genuineness accompanies every instrument. Our collection of over one thousand old violins is the result of many years of patient search in Europe by our connoisseur, and no instrument can be duplicated.

Beautiful Catalogue Free.

Our new catalogue of "Old Violins," 272 pages, is profusely illustrated with quaint labels, etc., and gives biographies of the old makers, besides containing full descriptions of the old violins making up our collection.

To prospective purchasers we will send a copy free.

Easy Monthly Payments May be Arranged.

Lyon & Healy. Chicago

(In writing please mention this magazine.)

SINGER National Costume Series

ITALY (Lombardy)

The people of Lombardy, one of the northern divisions of Italy, are very different from the Italians of the south. Their part of the country was once inhabited by the *Longabardi*, or Longbeards, from the north, who, uniting with the Italians, formed a people now possessing typical Italian grace and beauty combined with the vigor and perseverance of the Germanic tribes.

In this division of Italy, famous for its well-cultivated land, the mulberry, grape and chestnut are successfully grown, and much silk and wine are produced.

The Singer Sewing Machine is almost universally in use by the thrifty people of Lombardy, because of the simplicity of its mechanism, as well as the Company's liberal policy with its customers.

Our photograph shows an excellent type of Lombardy woman seated at a Singer Sewing Machine. Her costume, much more quiet in tone and simple in design than that worn by Italian women of the south, is peculiar only in the shape and trimming of a bonnet which, set far back on the head, frames her face, and brings her strongly-marked features into bold relief.

Sold on Instalments. You can try one FREE. Old Machines taken in Exchange

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Offices in Every City in the World